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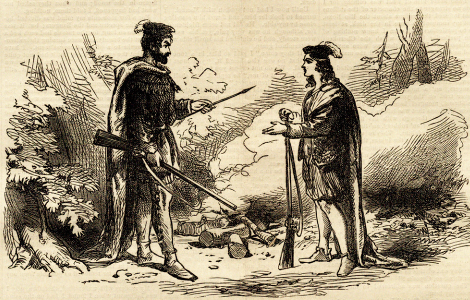

A DANGEROUS MESSENGER.

THE ANGEL OF SUNSET.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

In yon purple cloud he stands,
Leaning o'er the shadowy Lands—
On his gentle brow a star,
  By his side the cresent-light,
And behind him, still afar,
  Solemn, awful, ancient Night.
Hark! he breathes his olden prayer
Through the corridors of the Air—
Asks for all the weary, sleep;
Asks for calm on shore and deep;
For volcanoes, faded brands
In their fire-shriveled hands;
For the earthquake, perfect rest
In his torn, o'er-labored breast;
Asks that winds may breathe a tune
Softest, sweetest to the moon,
Who shall cast her changeless smile
Over continent and isle,
Till again the rose of morn,
In the orient's garden born,
Drops its sparkling, pearly alms,
While the Night's angelic calms
Feel the touch of troublous Day,
Striding up with old desire,
And dim Slumber opes her eyes
In wonder at his stroke of fire!

THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHADOW.

The moon, which was now approaching its full, shed a strong light down upon our camp, and I could see Manuel's features very plainly—I could see that they were pale, and that he was deeply agitated. He was the first to speak. He asked me what I held in my hand.

"Don't you know?" I replied. "Didn't you see?"

"No—I only heard something. It is an arrow!"

"Aye, boy, it is, and it came very near being in a worse place than in my hand."

He started forward and seized me by the arm, and his agitation increased.

"Come," he said, "let us go into the tent. There is danger here."

"So there is danger," I cried, "and it must be met, too—not in the tent, but somewhere in the wood."

"No, no," Manuel urged, as I turned towards the point from whence the arrow had come. "O, do not expose yourself there. Do not let me lose another friend. It is some hidden foe; it may be an Indian. O, do not go. Let us call our companions."

The boy was fairly frantic in his appeal, and clung to me most imploringly. I did not think so much of his strange emotion at the time, as I was too much occupied with thoughts of the deadly missile which had been so mysteriously discharged upon me. While Manuel was speaking, however, Paul Redwing came out, followed by Dick and John Head. The trapper hurried up, and wished to know if anything out of the way had happened. I showed him the arrow, and told him how I had come by it.

"This yer's remarkable," he said, casting his gaze around upon the wood. "It may be redskins. They reckoned they'd shoot the guard with an arrer, and then fall upon us in a body. 'Taint best to give 'em chase now, for we don't know which way to run, an' they'd have every advantage. Ye didn't see the varmint, did ye?"

"No," I replied. "I saw nothing. I heard the sound of a footfall, then the twang of a bow-string, and this arrow struck the butt of my rifle. On the next instant, before I could start towards the point from whence the arrow came, my attention was arrested by the approach of Manuel."

"Whar is the boy?"

I looked around, but the lad had gone. Paul called for him, however, and he soon re-appeared from the tent. I knew what the trapper wished to ask him, so I proposed the question myself.

"Manuel," said I, "you must have been near me when that arrow struck my rifle?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Did you see anything beyond that? Did you see any body in the wood who could have discharged it?"

"I think I saw a man moving among the trees, sir." The boy paused a moment, and then he resumed—"It was thus that I chanced upon the scene: I could not sleep. I was thinking partly of the story which Paul had told, and partly of other things, and when I found that my eyes would not close with slumber, I arose and walked out into the open air. I was moving away from the tent, towards a point where the trees shut out the light of the moon, when I was sure that I heard something moving not far off, and directly afterwards I distinctly saw a dark form, like that of a man in a crouching position, move from one tree to another. My first thought was of danger to the sentinel, and I hurried towards him to give him warning, but before I could reach him the arrow had been fired. I saw nothing more."

"Did it look like a redskin?" asked Paul.

But Manuel could not tell. He had not seen the object distinctly enough for that.

By this time our whole party were up, and Paul drew us away under cover of the wagon, where there would be less danger of arrows or bullets from unseen foes. He still held the arrow in his hand, and examined it with much interest.

"No redskin ever made that yer thing," he said, "but yet a redskin might have fired it. It's kind o' cur'us, any how."

It was curious, certainly, and the more we talked about it, the more we got mystified. We watched until morning, but saw nothing further of any enemy. When the sun was up, Paul went out into the wood, and succeeded in finding a single track. He could find no more. After breakfast he drew me upon one side, intimating that he wished to speak with me in private.

"Capt'n," he said, with his finger upon my arm, "thar's somethin' remarkable about this yer affair. I've been over the ground, wharever there'd a been likely to be a trail, and only one foot-mark is to be found. Moreover, that yer foot-mark is the very same identical one that we found once afore. 'Tweren't no Injun track, sure. It wur a white man's track, jes' as true as ye live. I can't think 'at a single man would foller us in this shape to rob us—it don't look reasonable."

"What do you think?" I asked, as he came to a pause.

"Why, I don't 'dxactly know what to think. Ef I wur a believer in spirits, I might think it wur some evil thing that wanted to haunt our camp, but I don't b'lieve no such thing. Howsumever, it isn't onpossible that it's an evil spirit arter all, though it must be covered with flesh an' blood, like you an' I are, or it couldn't fire bullets an' arrers."

Paul paused again, and I asked him if he had thought any further.

"Wal, yes, a leetle further," he said, and he laid his finger upon my arm again. "I don't want to make you oneasy, Capt'n, but it strikes me 'at this mysterious marauder has kind o' singled you out from all the rest on us. Don't it seem so to you?"

I confessed that it did.

"P'raps," pursued the trapper, as though he wished barely to throw out the suggestion, "you've got some deadly enemy that's huntin' your life."

If the reader imagines that I had not thought of this before, he is much mistaken. I had thought of it, and yet the words of Paul Redwing made me start. There was something in the idea, and in the quiet and yet significant way in which he expressed it, that went deeper into my feelings than any previous thought of my own had done. HUNTING MY LIFE! Wasn't there something startling in the expression?

"Of course, I have enemies," I said. "Any man who has been in my position must have them."

"Of course," responded the trapper, "but this aren't no ordinary enemy. Howsumever, I don't want to ask no impertinent questions. Only, ef ye could possibly make out who this could be, we might know better how to meet him. Any way, the next time he comes, I hope we'll be able to get a look at him. Ef I ken jes' git my eyes onto him once, I'll know what he's made of, sartin."

Paul saw that Samp had got the mules harnessed, and he left me to attend to arranging for the start. When I was left alone, my thoughts were of no very enviable kind. The Shadow had begun to assume form and substance. There might be a fell avenger upon my track, hunting my life with a mad, maniac purpose! And still it might not be so. The terrible thought might, after all, be only a baseless fancy. I prayed that it might so prove.

After we had started upon the tramp again, I sought the side of Manuel Marti.

"Manuel," I said, "perhaps you have saved my life again."

He gazed up into my face, but did not speak.

"It may be," I continued, "that your coming last night prevented the assassin from firing upon me a second time."

"It may be so," the boy replied. He bent his head as he spoke, and presently looked up at me again, and he asked me the same question which Paul had asked. He asked me if I had not some enemy who might be thus seeking my life.

"Why do you ask that question?" I returned.

"Because," he said, in a frank, straightforward way, "it has such an appearance to me. If I knew, I might be able to watch for you and help you. And yet I seek not to invade the repository of your secrets."

I don't know how it was, but somehow I felt like trusting that boy; and I acted upon the first impulse.

"My dear Manuel, I fear that you are right. I have a deadly enemy—one who would hunt me down if he once fixed his mind that way. I need not tell you the story of the source of his hatred. I will only say that he has some reason to hate me, though I am as innocent of all wrong to him as a new-born infant could be. And, furthermore, he undoubtedly fancies that I am in the way of his accession to a most desirable estate. And yet it can hardly be possible that that man has followed me to this trackless wilderness."

"But still it may be so," said Manuel.

"Certainly," I replied.

The boy looked up into my face with an earnest expression, and asked me if 'twere not better to turn back, and avoid the danger.

"I will go with you," he said.

I laughed at his fears, and told him that we'd find some better way than that to escape the evil.

"Don't think that I fail to appreciate your kindness and love," I added, as I saw that my light laugh touched him unpleasantly. "But we'll keep a watch on this mysterious personage, and try to entrap him."

At this point we were joined by John Head, and the conversation was dropped.

"They're having a bit of a banter ahead," said John.

What was it, I asked him.

"Haskett has got onto one of his high horses, and declares that there isn't a man in the party that can throw him."

"How throw him?"

"Why—at wrestling."

"Nonsense!" I cried.

"So I should say," echoed John. "But then Haskett don't believe it. I can see what he wants: he wants to get a trial with the trapper."

"He'd better let the trapper alone."

When we halted for dinner Haskett declared that he must have a wrestle with somebody; and after much bantering he threw out a challenge direct to Paul.

"Pooh!" returned the trapper, with a comical leer, "ye don't mean that."

"But I do, though," persisted Haskett.

"Ye're crazy, man."

"Never mind about that, Paul Redwing. If you think you can throw me, just try it on. You've got a chance."

"But," said Paul, "what's the use? The man don't stand, between the Rocky Mountains an' the Mississippi, 'at ken throw me."

"Will you have the goodness to try?" asked Haskett.

"Shall it be before dinner, or after?" said our guide.

"Both, if you like. But we'll try it now, for an appetite; and afterwards to settle the meal."

Paul arose, with a broad smile upon his face, and intimated that he was ready.

I asked John if Haskett could wrestle.

"Yes," was the reply. "In Shadagee he is reckoned the best wrestler of the lot; but it don't appear to me that he can do anything with such a mountain of muscle as he's tackled now."

I smiled, and shook my head, for I saw plainly how it was. Haskett had wrestled so much, and had conquered so often, that he had come to regard himself as very nigh to invincible. He was a little vain, and had probably been itching for some time to try his skill upon the trapper.

"Are you ready?" asked Paul.

"All ready," replied Haskett; and as he spoke he commenced one of those sort of fancy dances which professional wrestlers sometimes indulge in as a prelude to something more decisive. But his dance was of very short duration. Paul lifted him from his feet as though he had been a child, and laid him down upon the greensward as carefully as a mother would have laid her darling into the cradle.

"Is that your game?" cried Haskett, as soon as he had regained his feet.

"That's one of 'em," replied Paul, quietly. "Would ye like to see another one?"

"Let me show you one," said the Shadagee champion.

"All right. I should like to see it."

This time Paul used but one hand, which he fixed firmly upon the collar of his antagonist's jacket. The result was the same as before only the method was slightly different. There wasn't any of the child-in-the-cradle business about this. Haskett's two hundred and odd pounds of flesh and bone came down very much as an ox comes down under the axe.

The conquered hero got up and shook himself; and after he had looked Paul over with a critical eye, he said:

"I guess I'll give in on that."

It was huge sport for John and Peter, and they rallied Haskett upon his fall to their heart's content. He took it all in good nature, however; thus disarming them of more than half their will to plague him.

I might not have mentioned this little scene had it not come in just as it did. It occurred just in season to divert my thoughts from a painful subject, and afforded me a period of mental rest. The jokes and the laughter which followed during the afternoon restored me fairly to myself again; so that, when our camp was arranged for the night I was ready to enjoy the social chat as of old.

Before we retired we discussed the question as to how much further our tramp should extend. We had already had much sport, and much adventure; having slain more buffaloes than we knew how to dispose of with any profit, and also having a fair prospect of meeting more herds on our return. It was finally decided that we would strike to the northward on the morrow, keeping up as far as the junction of the Little Arkansas with its parent river; and then return through the land of the Wyandots. That would give us journey enough, and afford us every variety of Western scenery.

That night I was not on guard, and I slept in peace. How long should it be so?

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHEROKEES' MESSAGE.

On the day following the events last recorded we fell in with another herd of buffaloes, and had rare sport until night. We had pitched our tent, and built our camp-fire, and Samp was busy preparing supper, when two Indians made their appearance, and asked for something to eat. They were Cherokees, looking honest and intelligent; and were, moreover, neat and cleanly in their persons. Paul was inclined to have nothing to say to them; but I felt differently. They were so earnest and humble in their petition, and seemed to be so much in need, that my sympathies were awakened in their behalf.

"I reckon they're honest enough—as honest as sich varmint ken be," the old trapper said; "but I don't like 'em."

"They aint Osages?" suggested John.

"No. Ef they was, I'd peel 'em! No,—these yer Injins is quiet enough ef ye only treat 'em well."

"Then," said I, "we'll treat them kindly."

My companions seconded my proposition, and as Paul made no objections, the red men were fed and offered a place of [illegible]. After supper our dusky guests sat and smoked with us, and I must say that they were very entertaining; and even our old guide, though he went away at first, and smoked by himself, came back at length, and listened to the Cherokees. They told us that their village was some fifty miles away, and that they, with others, had come out after some valuable horses that had been lost. They told us how their tribe succeeded in farming; told us of the schools and churches that had been established in their midst; and of the gradual development of good institutions among them. We suffered them to sleep in our tent; and in the morning, after eating breakfast with us, they went away, thanking us heartily for our kindness. Their course lay to the south; ours to the north.

Towards the middle of the afternoon we reached one of the most lovely spots that I ever beheld. It was the first scene which had opened to my gaze since leaving St. Louis that could compare, in my mind, with the fairer scenes of our New England landscape. A deep vale, shaded by great old trees, opened up from the banks of a cool, murmuring stream; a carpet of soft, green grass; with here and there clusters of gorgeous flowers; birds of rich plumage flitting to and fro; while from a shady nook, beneath a steep, maple-crowned bank, burst forth a spring of water clear as crystal.

"Here," said I, "we camp for the night."

"We ken make fifteen miles more," suggested Paul. "The path 's good ahead of us."

"But we'll not find another place like this to camp in. No,—we'll stop here."

My companions were as well pleased with the idea as I was; and our tent was very soon taken from the wagon and set up; and then Paul and Peter and Haskett went off after game, while John and I sat down near the spring to talk of old times. Dick was busy with some fishing-tackle, being anxious to try his luck in the stream.

"I don't care," said John, after we had been conversing awhile, "how soon I get home. I must get back before the snow falls."

I asked him if he had business that needed his attention. He looked up into my face, and I saw, from the rich, warm color that suffused his cheeks, and by the mellowing light of the eye, that I had touched a tuneful cord in his soul.

"Yes," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "I have business, Maurice. I must be at home before November."

"Tell me what it is, John."

"Well, Maurice, I don't mind telling you, for I think you will receive it in serious kindness. I don't want Peter to know it, for he would joke me and pester me; and, to tell the truth, I don't want any joking on the subject. I can't bring my feelings down to that level. If I live, Maurice, and ANOTHER lives, I shall be married by the next Thanksgiving time."

Could I joke him then? Could I utter a light remark—could I feel a light feeling—when he had told me this? O, my soul! how the words sank into my heart of sympathy, and how earnest was my prayer that no blighting frost might come upon the blessed hopes of my cherished friend!

"As I live, John, I am glad of that," I said, taking his hand, and gazing into his face.

He saw how sincere I was, and I had all his confidence from that time.

I asked him if I knew the one who was to be his wife.

"I think so," he said. "Don't you remember Katie Colby?"

Certainly I knew her. I remembered her well; for she had lived not far from John's home, and I had seen her often. I remembered her for a joyous, laughter-loving girl, whose very presence brought happiness with it. I laid my finger upon John's arm, and smilingly said to him:

"Ah—I have not forgotten, John. I remember the bouquet of lilies, knotted with the bright blue ribbon; and I remember the ride to Diana's Bath; and I remember the evening at the concert, when Katie sat all alone till you came in, John. And it has come to this, has it."

"Yes, Maurice," he cried, with warm, impressive frankness; "it has come to this, and I am proud to own it. Katie is an orphan, and brings me no material wealth; but she will bring to me what is better—a wealth of soul, of love, of virtue, and of truth. You shall come and see me after I am married; and I will promise you that Katie will do all in her power to make you comfortable."

I told John that I should certainly visit him if I lived; and then he entertained me with an account of many an interesting incident connected with his courtship.

And I listened to all this with deepest interest—with more interest—far more—than my companion dreamed of. By and by John went off to see what kind of fish Dick was catching from the stream, and I threw myself upon the grass, busy with my own reflections. O, what a host of tender, passionate, and painful emotions had John's simple confession called up in my bosom. He was looking anxiously, hopefully, joyously forward to the coming of winter, believing that the great hope of his life would then be crowned by fruition. Between him and his beloved the distance of a continent was nothing. He carried her image in his heart, and Faith kept the golden key.

Alas! how was it with me! I had just moaned in my anguish, when I felt a light hand upon my arm, and on looking up I beheld Manuel. He gazed down upon me with a look of such deep, sympathizing earnestness, that I did not repulse him, as I should surely, at that moment, have repulsed any other approach.

"You are sad," he said, sinking down upon the grass by my side.

"Yes, Manuel, for I have had sad thoughts."

The light hand was laid upon my arm again; and again that deep, sympathizing look met me. It was a look of more than sympathy—it was a look of love—aye, of such love as a true, grateful, affectionate heart bestows upon its companion

"You have been thinking of the old story," he said.

"Yes," I replied. I felt my heart opened, and I told to him the tale of hope which John had told me. "John goes home to be happy," I added. "He goes to claim the hand of his beloved, and to dedicate to himself a fireside heaven. O, Manuel, wonder not at these tears. God only knows how this poor heart of mine has been bruised!"

The boy rested his head upon my shoulder, with his hand still upon my arm; and after a while he said, in a low, whispering tone:

"How nearly together run the currents of our grief. But," he added, looking up into my face, "you have more to hope for than have I. You are honored and respected by thousands of your countrymen; and in the years to come you may find a healing for your wound in the love of some noble maiden who can recompense you for all that you have lost."

"Ah, Manuel, I shall not chide you for such speech, because I think you mean well. But you know little of my heart if you think there is consolation for me in that channel. When the child can forget the mother that bore it, and nursed it, and loved it, in gentleness and truth, and can turn the tide of trust to another, then may I believe that the time can come when my heart might turn to a new love. No, no, Manuel—I know my own heart too well."

The boy laid his head again upon my shoulder, and I knew that he was weeping. Under the impulse of my deep sympathy I wound my arm about him, and drew him upon my bosom.

"Dear Manuel, you are suffering," I whispered.

In a little while he put away my arm, and raised his head.

"It was but the passing of old scenes," he said. "I am calmer now." And as though he feared that I was about to question him, he arose and left me.

What a strange boy he was, and what a wonderful influence he exercised over me. I could not account for it. I did not try to account for it. It was like one of those startling freaks of nature, by the ignorant called supernatural, which meet the belief through actual sight, but which are still above and beyond the reach of reason. I watched him until he had passed from my sight, and was then relieved from further meditation by the appearance of Paul with a goodly load of game. Peter and Haskett came with him, and they had their fowling-pieces on their shoulders, but no game.

I asked Peter what he had been doing.

O, he'd just been out to see the country.

And what had Haskett been up to?

He said he'd been looking up a site for a paper mill.

Paul asked him if that was what he'd been shooting at.

"O, ye needn't laugh," cried Haskett. "I shot birds enough; but the plaguey things lodged in the high trees, and I couldn't get 'em."

"Well," said Peter, taking a pull at his brandy-flask, "I can tell the truth, anyhow. I fired once, but didn't kill anything."

Haskett made use of an expression not hardly refined enough for print, and then went off into the tent, where he left his gun and shot-pouch; and when he came forth again he wanted John Head to wrestle with him.

"You'd better not," said John.

"But I must," persisted Haskett; and as he spoke he seized John by the collar.

The reader will remember that I said John Head was very broad-shouldered, and yet very light. His strength was of the feline sort, while Haskett's was of the lumbering, cumbersome quality. Had John waited for his bulky antagonist to assume an approved position, he might have been thrown; but he waited for no such thing. He sprang upon him at once, with bound and a trip, and Haskett Eastwood came to the earth like a felled ox. The discomfited hero was anxious for another trial; but John was too wise for that, and kept out of his way.

By and by Samp had supper ready, and the game which Paul had brought in, and the fish which Dick had captured, added materially to our repast. We had just arisen from the meal, when the sound of horses' feet broke upon our ears; and, as we listened, one of our party suggested that it might be some loose animals taking a tramp—perhaps some of those which the Cherokees had lost.

"No," said Paul, shaking his head, "them hosses aint loose."

I had noticed the same peculiarity of tramp which had attracted the trapper's attention, and I knew very well that those hoofs were keeping time to the wills of human riders. In a few minutes, however, our doubts were set at rest by the appearance of two Indians, who came gallopping up the bank; and when they saw our camp, they turned in towards us.

"They're the varmints 'at stopped with us last night," said Paul, with a frown.

"And they're coming with a war-party," cried Peter, starting for his rifle.

But before any further surmises could be spoken the Indians had reached the spot where we stood. Their horses were steaming with sweat, and gave signs of having been ridden fast and far. The riders dismounted, and he who was to act as spokesman turned towards me, and I saw from the expression of his countenance that he had something of more than ordinary moment to communicate.

"You are my friend," he said. "You are all friends," he added, glancing around upon my companions; "and I and my brother have ridden with all our might to serve you. Listen to me, for I have news to tell you."

By this time Paul Redwing had become satisfied that something of importance was in the wind, and he drew near to listen.

"When we left you this morning we very soon fell in with four of our horses, which we captured without any difficulty. We made bridles of buffalo thongs, as you see, and having mounted these two, we led the others. Directly we came upon the track of more of our animals, and followed it until it led us back to the spot where you had camped; and here we came full upon a body of the Rio Roxos."

"The WHAT?" cried Paul, with a start such as I had never seen move him before.

"The Rio Roxos," repeated the Indian. "There were twenty of them. They caught us, and asked us if we'd seen the party that camped on that ground. We told them we had. They wanted to know who you were; what you were; what your baggage was; and what time you started. To all this we answered, expecting every moment to be killed; but they did not think we were worth killing; they were too eager for better lives, with better plunder. They took our two loose horses, and then sent us about our business; but before we got clear, we heard their plans. They mean to find you—they mean to murder every man of you—and then take your property. We started south, and they started north, following your trail. You had been friends to us, and we wished to serve you. We knew another trail, and we struck it, hoping that we might fall in with you. Here we are, and we have told you our story. The way is open before you—the trail to the north is good. If you flee, you may escape them, as they think to fall upon you to-night."

"Look yere," spoke Paul, advancing and laying his hand upon the Indian's arm, "d'ye know who leads that yer party?"

"I think it is the ruffian called SAN BEJA," replied the Cherokee.

"I thought so. You say thar was twenty of 'em?"

"Yes."

"And all mounted?"

"Yes—with strong horses."

"And armed for murder?"

"Yes."

"At what time did they strike on our trail?"

"It must have been an hour after noon."

"Of course you don't want to stop to help us fight?"

"We dare not. San Beja has never yet troubled our people. Should he find us here, he would seek vengeance most dire."

"I'm done," said Paul; and then turning to me, he added:

"The redskins have served us well. I know they tell the truth. Send 'em off as you please."

I saw that the Indians were very anxious to be going, and I did not blame them; but before they went I wished to reward them for their services; and I offered them money; but they drew back their hands, and would not take it.

"No, no," they said, "if we take that, we have repaid not your friendship. If you feel that you owe us anything, pay it to the first poor Cherokee you find in need. The trail is good to the north. If you have swift horses you may escape. We have done all we can do. You must do the rest."

And with this the dusky messengers rode away as swiftly as they had come, striking into the wood, off from the direct trail, as soon as they had opportunity.

"Them yer's honest Injuns," said Paul, when they had gone from our sight. "I ken tell when they lie, and when they don't. It's the truth they've been a tellin' us, an' we've got to get ready for a brush."

But what was it? Who was San Beja, and what were the Rio Roxos?

We saw from Paul's countenance that he was troubled. We knew that he apprehended some great danger; and we drew nearer to him, gathering about him anxiously, to hear him explain.

CHAPTER XII.

READY!—FIRE!

I had some idea of what was coming, for I was no stranger to the character of the ruffians that infested the regions about the Rio Roxo, but my companions were in the dark, at least as to particulars, and even I knew nothing of the particular band of which the Cherokees had spoken. Paul saw that we were anxious, and as soon as he had considered the matter he proceeded to enlighten us.

"Look yere, boys," he said, with excited earnestness, "we haint got Osages to deal with now. These yer Rio Roxos are the Red River Rangers, an' a more bloody set of villains never trod on the yearth. They're a sort o' half-breed, mongrel band, made up mostly o' them Mexicans that was left in Texas arter Sam Houston got through with his fight. Their trade is murder an' robbery, an' they spare nobody save the redskins. They're wise in this, for, ye see, by sparing the Injuns, they keep 'em friendly, an' so find shelter amongst 'em."

"But this San Beja," I said; "who is he?"

"I wur comin' to that," replied Paul, moving his hand towards his knife, and setting his teeth together till they grated like mill-stones. "This yer San Beja is the wickedest man of the whole gang. He wur a Mexican officer once, and wur turned out of the army in disgrace for the horrible things he done to prisoners that he took. He is the chief o' these Red River Rangers, an' whar he goes, thar goes butchery to the last life. Now ye know."

"And these men are coming upon us," said Dick, with a blanch spot upon his cheek.

"Yes," answered Paul. "You may depend upon that."

"Then," suggested Haskett, "we must make our way out of this as soon as possible. Don't you think so, Captain?"

The question was addressed to me, and I shook my head.

"If we take to flight," I said, "we must leave all our baggage behind us—all our baggage and all our provisions—and that, in this section, may be equivalent to starvation."

"An' that aint all," added Paul. "We may leave the wagon an' the mules behind, an' they'll overtake us then. I know what kind o' hosses them yer critters ride. They're on our trail, and it's onpossible for us to escape 'em. Ef they overtake us on the tramp, it'll be wuss for us."

"But," interposed Peter, "why can't we strike into the woods?"

"What for?" asked Paul.

"Why, to give 'em the slip, to be sure."

The old trapper regarded Peter with a look of pitying amazement.

"Give 'em the slip!" he repeated. "Ken we fly?"

"Not's I know of."

"Ken we walk under the yearth?"

"I guess not," replied Peter.

"Then what d'ye mean? Give 'em the slip! Why, bless yer soul, man alive, our hosses must make tracks, let 'em go whar they will, an' them yer rascals can foller a track as well as I ken."

I explained to Peter that the idea of escaping in any covert way was not for a moment to be entertained, and that only two ways of procedure were open to us. One was to leave all our property behind us, and flee with all possible haste; the other to stay where we were, and prepare for resistance.

"Remember," I added, "that these rangers are inured to toil, and may pursue us, and hunt us down with fatigue, and in that case we are lost surely."

Without much further argument, it was decided that we would remain by our camp, and defend ourselves as best we could. It was a sad chance—a hard one—but there was no alternative. Paul asked me to conduct the affair as I thought best. My first idea was to prepare my companions for the worst.

"There are positions," I said, "where we must look upon death as our fate, regarding any deliverance therefrom as an especial providence. They are occasions when we resolve that we will sell our lives as dearly as possible. This is one of those occasions, and we must meet it as such. And then I asked them if they understood me.

I knew by the shadows that flitted over John's face what were the thoughts that passed in his mind, and I sympathized with him deeply.

"Hope for the best, John," I whispered in his ear.

He started, and caught me by the hand.

"Don't fear, Maurice," he replied, closing his pale lips tightly together. "I am moved—I am sad—but I am not a coward. If I fall, I will leave to HER a memory untainted. You shall not see me flinch."

I returned the pressure of his hand, and then turned to where stood Dick and Haskett. They were agitated, but not afraid.

But there was no time to waste, and Paul and I conferred together as to the course we should pursue, and our arrangements were to be based upon the following conclusions: First, we concluded that San Beja and his gang would be along before a great while—perhaps before dark—for they could have no means of knowing where we were camped, and would therefore be very likely to come in sight of us unexpectedly. Second, we concluded that they could have no idea that we had been informed of their purpose, and consequently they would not look to find us prepared for them. And, thirdly, we concluded, from their known character and habits, that they would resort to no Indian subterfuges, but that, when they came in sight of our camp, they would prepare to attack us openly, and at once. With these ideas we proceeded to arrange for the defence.

It must be borne in mind that the place in which we were camped was a sort of theatre, semicircular in form, the straight side bounded by the river, while around the rest ran a steep bank, not less than fifteen feet high in any place. This bank did not quite reach to the water's edge, there being space enough for a wide path, which had probably been made by the washing of spring freshets. The area of this semicircular space might have been about equal to a square acre—I do not think it could have been more than that, and our wagon had been hauled up very near to the inner extremity, close by the spring; while the horses and mules were picketed upon the north side. There were no trees upon the bottom of this theatre; but upon the banks they grew large, and, in some places, thick. At a point directly above the spring they were thicker than anywhere else, and here we determined to take our stand. The bank in this place was all of twenty feet high, and so steep that it was with difficulty that we could climb it.

In this thicket, upon the top of the bank, over the spring, we resolved to take our stand; and thither our arms and ammunition were removed. We left the wagon and the tent as they were, and did not trouble the horses, concluding that, if we left the camp thus, the marauders, should they come before dark, might think that we had gone off into the woods after game. We were as expeditious as possible in our movements, and were soon ensconced in the thicket, with our firearms all loaded to their utmost capacity, and ready for use. It was now so near sundown that the trees upon the opposite bank of the river cast their shadows almost to our tent, though it would be a long hour before dark.

Until now I had not spoken with Manuel. I turned to look for him, and found him standing close by my side. He did not seem frightened; for, although he was very pale, yet his nerves were steady, and he clutched his small rifle with a determined grasp.

"If they come," I said to him, in a tone so low that no one else heard it, "you must be careful. We do not expect you to fight."

"Think not of me," he replied. "I shall be watchful and circumspect."

I might have said more, but my attention was at that moment called to the horses, who were pricking up their ears, and snuffing the air. Old Paul saw it, and bent his ear to the ground.

"They're comin'," he said. "Wait a minute, an' you'll hear the tramp."

Aye—it was not over a minute when the sound of horses' feet broke plainly upon our ears. Every rifle was grasped; and, if there were some throbbing hearts, there were no shrinking ones.

"Don't be in a hurry," I said, addressing my companions. "Don't let a shot be fired until you hear the word. Everything may depend upon our caution."

"Aye," added Paul; "an' look out 'at they don't diskiver us. Ef we're keerful they won't mistrust whar we be."

In a little while—it may have seemed a long time to some of our party—the marauders made their appearance around the low bluff, between the point of the bank and the river; and a dozen of them had come in sight before they discovered our camp. When they did so, however, they stopped, and their companions soon joined them.

I had seen many villainous looking people in my life, but I think I never before saw such an inhuman looking set of desperadoes as were those Red River Rangers. They were dressed in wild, wolfish garbs; with faces unshaven, and hair unshorn; and they seemed bedaubed, from head to foot, as though with great gouts of blood. The chieftain, San Beja, who rode in advance, was a giant in stature, and seemed a living type of those fabled ogres of the Orient, who inhabited the places of sepulchre, and lived on dead men's flesh.

If I had felt anything like trepidation before, I felt none now. I regarded the marauders as so many inhuman monsters, whose death would be a blessing to the world; and I felt myself nerved to the work of extermination. And just so felt Paul Redwing, for I heard him grating his teeth, and muttering to himself as though his keen eye was fixed upon a score of panthers.

The Rangers, when they had seen our tent, and our wagon, and our picketed animals, and the smoke of our dying fire, consulted together a few moments, and then moved up the glen, peering around upon all hands, as though in search of those who owned all this property. They were jabbering away in a mongrel tongue, and directly Paul made out some of the words they spoke.

"—*st!*" he uttered, after bending his ear a few moments longer, "they don't smell any danger. They think we're off in the woods arter game.—Hold on.—Don't move. Ef we're keerful, we'll have 'em yet.—Ha—they're goin' to see what's to be plundered."

It was evident, from the movements of the villains, that they had no suspicion that their coming had been known to us. They supposed that we had eaten our supper, and gone off upon a tramp. Some of them picked up the bits of food we had left around the fire, while others proceeded to the wagon, and began to examine its contents. Among the latter was the chieftain, who, when he had seen that there was considerable of value within the lumbering vehicle, called upon his companions, and made them quite a speech, I could not understand what he said; but Paul quickly interpreted it for us.

"We must draw on 'em pooty soon," the old trapper said, "or we may lose the chance. San Beja is tellin' his men to hide. He thinks we're off in the woods, and he means to conceal himself till we come back, an' then fall upon us, an' cut us down. See—they're movin'. We must give it to 'em now, if ever!"

It was as Paul had said. The whole band had gathered near to their chieftain while he had been speaking, and they were now moving towards the bank. Aye—and they seemed inclined to select for their hiding-place a spot very near to where we lay,—perhaps they might turn that very way, as our covert was the best of any to be found. Surely there was no time to waste.

Paul asked me if I was ready. I replied that I was, and then turned to my companions with the same question. As before, when we met the Osages, we had our double-barrelled guns ready for use the moment our rifles were discharged; and they were faithfully loaded, too. And, as upon that former occasion, we meant to keep our pistols for the closer conflict. In order that we might waste no shots, by two of us aiming at the same individual, we selected our men; and I then gave the word to be ready.

It was a moment of intense anxiety. John Head was close to me upon my left, and I fancied that I could hear his heart beat; but I saw that he was firm, and I believed that his aim would be sure. The Rangers were now very near together, and were slowly moving around between us and the wagon. They had all dismounted, their horses having been left to graze at will, and the tired and hungry beasts showed no disposition to run away from the place where grew such soft, rich grass. Some of the gang had their rifles in their hands, while others still had them slung upon their backs.

But the time was not quite yet. One of their number, who had remained by the wagon, suddenly called to his companions, and they stopped and turned towards him. He had found a small keg of brandy; and thus, for a while, was the order, which had already formed itself upon my lips, withheld. The whole party hurried to the spot where the man stood with the liquor, each one anxious for a turn at the fiery beverage.

We might have discharged our rifles then, but the effect could not have been a sure one, as, where our objects were so closely huddled together, half a dozen bullets might have been spent in one body.

Just then I felt a pull upon my sleeve, and upon turning, I found Manuel close behind me. He was paler than before, and trembled at every joint.

"*See there!*" he whispered, pointing with his finger.

I looked in the direction thus indicated, and saw, at no great distance, standing within the shade of the deep wood, a human figure. I could not see it distinctly, for the sun had thrown its last gleam upon us for the day, and the shadows of the forest were heavy and dark. But I saw the man, and I saw something of his outline. It was a tall, weird-looking form; and I fancied that the face was covered with beard, and looked wild and haggard. And, moreover, I saw the flashing of the eyes, like the fell light of a panther's. I saw all this, and then the vision passed away, and disappeared. I strained my eyes to penetrate into the gloom of the forest; but I could see the spectral presence no more.

Dick and John, who were close by me, had noticed the movement of the boy, and my subsequent emotion; but they had not seen the figure in the wood; and when they asked me what had happened, I told them, nothing.

For a few moments my mind was divided between the spectre and the Rangers; but it was not to be so long, for the rascals had each had a turn at the brandy, and were turning their attention again to a place of concealment. I have said that the sun had gone, but it had not quite carried the day with it. The glen was thrown into the shadow, but a soft, clear light still lingered over the scene.

And now the moment of anxiety returned, and the rifles were again breathlessly clutched. The marauders were once more between us and the wagon—just a score of them—making towards the bank. Paul whispered that the time had come; and I, with a half-stifled cry, gave the order to fire!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"THE WIDOW GRAY."

When I first went to my present boarding-house, the room in the rear of mine was occupied by a pretty, bright little woman of about twenty-five, and her little boy, a curly-pated urchin of three years, the pet and torment of the entire household. My landlady had carefully concealed the fact of this child's existence until after I had taken the room and moved in.

I believe it has been intimated, in former articles, that I am an unmarried lady, not so young as I once was—in plain terms, an "old maid;" and though I *do* love children pretty well—yes, I may say, *dearly*, I *do not* love their noise. If I must be in the house with them, I wish my room to be as far removed as possible from any they frequent.

My readers will understand, therefore, why I was indignant when I found I had on the same floor with me, with only a set of closets betwen my room and his mother's, this noisy Master Charlie Gray. I did not like it, and I was determined not to be reconciled to it.

Mrs. Gray made some overtures toward acquaintance during the first few days, but I was very cool and distant, and as she was a sensitive little body, she soon desisted.

When I saw this I was a little sorry, for I could see that she was a very genial, social person, and a true lady, such as we find in but small numbers in these great caravanserai, city boarding-houses. Besides, I had found that, thanks to the intervening closets, Master Charlie really gave me no annoyance at all, while his bright little face, curly locks, and precocious wit, were exceedingly attractive to me. He was destined at last to dissolve the spell of coldness that had gradually woven itself around his mother and myself. It was in this wise:

I was sitting in the parlor, one morning after breakfast, when Master Charlie came in. He went and stood beside his mother a while, but she was engaged in conversation with another lady, and he found himself unnoticed. Presently he came with stealthy, sidelong movement, towards me. I put out my hand and said "good morning" in my kindest tones, for the sweet, eager little face was very winning. There was a moment's hesitation, then Charlie's little palm was laid frankly in mine, while he said gravely, fixing his eyes with a growing friendliness on my face:

"I guess you don't hate me, do you, Miss B——?"

"Hate you, Charlie? certainly not. Did you think so?"

"No, I didn't quite think so, but Mr. Butler told me that I'd better not go near you, for you were an old maid, and old maids hate children, 'specially boys. Are you an old maid, and do you hate 'em?"

"Charlie! Charlie!" sounded the mother's warning voice, but Master Charlie was desirous of information, and not to be balked in his purpose.

"Please don't, mamma," said he, in grave reproof. "I say, Miss B——, do you?"

"'Do I hate little boys?' Not good ones, Charlie, and you are good, are you not?"

"Not very," Charlie began, glancing over his shoulder at his mother, who was approaching, but still holding tightly to my hand.

"Not at all good now," said Mrs. Gray. "Dear Miss B——, I hope you will pardon my little boy. I fear he will be completely spoiled here, in this great house, where there are so many people to talk to him. Of course he does not understand what he is saying to you, and I trust you will not feel annoyed by it."

"Not in the least, I assure you, Mrs. Gray," I answered, and then I begged that Charlie might not be punished for repeating the foolish gabble of one of a pretty large class of our boarders, namely, foppish young men without breeding or education—"gents," not gentlemen, who delight in vulgar criticisms of all who are not within their sphere.

We fell into conversation then, I listening to her praises of Charlie's usual docility, and taking occasion to ventilate certain of my theories in regard to the training of juveniles. I found Mrs. Gray a most agreeable person, not only then but in our future intercourse.

I soon learned that Mrs. Gray was not, as I had at first supposed, a widow, but that her husband, who was already distinguished as an engineer, had been induced to join an important scientific expedition. He expected to be absent about two years. One of these was already passed, and the young wife and mother already counted the intervening days with anxious solicitude for the coming of that happy one that was to witness their reunion.

She delighted to talk of her husband, to trace his likeness in Charlie's blooming young face, to read over and over again the few and infrequent letters that he had found opportunity to send her. Her whole life, with all its joys and hopes, was centred in that dear domestic circle, that beautiful trinity of love.

I had been about six months in E. street, when little Charlie sickened. It was but some ordinary childish ailment, we all thought, and so said the physician, who was at length called, more in deference to the mother's solicitude than because there seemed any real need of his attendance.

But the little one grew worse; almost ere we were aware of the change, dangerous symptoms had made their appearance. Every hour increased the frightful violence of the disorder. The little form was racked, and the face reddened and distorted with pain.

His mother sat beside him, holding his burning hands in hers, or bathing his hot brow. She administered all his medicines, and watched him constantly with piteous anxiety; while I and other friends surrounded the little couch, and strove, all in our power, to lend our aid, and drive away the swift approaching destroyer.

Death came gently at last. The weet voices was hushed, the bright, eager eyes closed forever. The mother, unable to believe what she saw, pressed wild kisses on the marble brow and still lips, that for the first time were unanswering. She believed at last, and with one piercing shriek, sank back insensible.

It was while Charlie's little coffin lay still unburied in the house, that the tidings of the failure of that brilliant, but unsuccessful expedition which Mr. Gray had joined, arrived. Its members were killed by the savages among whom they had been wandering, or scattered in that wild and unexplored country where, to them, death seemed to be inevitable. To which party Mr. Gray belonged, it was impossible to ascertain. We could only hope that his life had been spared, and that he might still escape from the dangers that surrounded him.

No one spoke to Mrs. Gray upon the subject. Sunk into the apathy of early grief, she never read the newspapers of the day, and all ordinary sources of information were thus closed to her. But after some weeks fresh tidings came, that classed Mr. Gray's name amidst those who had been surrounded and cut off. No doubt now remained that he was dead, and the inexorable claims of business then presented themselves.

Mr. Gray had not neglected to prepare for such a not impossible contingency. His business had been left in the hands of a trusted legal friend, to whom the interests of his wife, an orphan without near relatives, and his son, were committed. This gentleman came now to visit his childless and widowed charge.

I had known him long, for he was a friend and frequent guest of my brother, Counsellor B——, and he earnestly requested me to be present at the painful interview he was about to hold with Mrs. Gray.

Very gently and tenderly Mr. E. performed his task. Ere it was over the widowed one lay cold and insensible in my arms.

It was a terrible awakening—to utter loneliness, and a growing consciousness of hopeless bereavement. But Mrs. Gray was youthful and vigorous, both in mind and body. Life flowed strongly through her veins. Grief might prostrate, but could not destroy her. In a little time she appeared once more at the table, and in the parlor, much paler than of old, indeed of almost ghastly pallor in her deep sables, and very quiet, but otherwise scarcely changed from the joyous, girlish creature I had first seen scarce a year before.

The re-appearance of Mrs. Gray was the occasion of the display of many of those excellent traits that, spite of all croakers may say, still exist in much abused human nature, even in its least agreeable forms. Our landlady, sometimes accused of a sordid spirit, was kind and tender, almost motherly, to Mrs. Gray. All the detestable boarding-house bickering and gossip ceased in her presence. The elder ladies were quietly attentive to her, the younger ones ceased their tittering and flirting, and even the "gents" assumed a subdued manner, that told of native kindliness better even than the conventionalities of good-breeding which they so much lacked.

Henceforth Mrs. Gray was the silently acknowledged pet and protégée of the household. The best seat at table, the earliest attention from inmates and servants, the most agreeable corner of the fireside or sofa, or the easiest chair in the parlor, were quietly allotted, as by general consent, to her. Her tastes were consulted. Books and flowers found their way to her room from the most unexpected sources; bits of fancy work from the dainty fingers of those seemingly thoughtless girls were freely offered to her acceptance; the music she loved was played, with a thoughtfulness that made a request unnecessary; in short, all the small but important tokens of sympathy that are so cheering to the afflicted, were showered upon Mrs. Gray with a quiet kindness, such as one would scarcely expect to see falling upon the arid sands of boarding-house life.

And so the months passed away. Charlie had died in the spring-time, and another May was now gladdening the waiting earth. Mrs. Gray and I had fixed upon a certain morning to drive to Greenwood, on a visit to that little grave, which was the shrine of our frequent pilgrimages.

The morning was beautiful, and I went out early to purchase some flowering plants to place on Charlie's grave. As I reached the house, on my return, a young man, sunburned and shabby, sprang up the steps before me, and rang impetuously at the door.

Turning, he saw me at his side, and, with a bow, inquired if I resided there. I replied that I did.

"Is Mrs. Gray——" he commenced, but at that moment the servant threw open the door, and the inquiry was transferred to the man.

"Is Mrs. Gray residing here? Is she within?"

Something told me this was the bearer of glad tidings. I dared not think—believe what I wished, but I gazed earnestly at his fine face as he pushed past the servant, and placed his foot firmly upon the stairs.

At that instant, a shriek of joyful surprise rang through the house. A light figure, clothed in deepest sables, flung itself madly down the stairs. There was a bound, joyful cries, smothered kisses and words of endearment, and then the young man bounded on up the long flight with Annie Gray lying insensible in his arms.

Silent and joyful I went to my room. I was not needed there. I had no part nor lot in this great joy, which had come to my friend. There might have been a few jealous pangs, as I contrasted my loneliness with her fullness of companionship, for I am but very human; but I smothered them, and let my spirit revel in imagining the blessed peace and comfort that had so suddenly descended upon that sorrowing soul.

When Annie Gray came down to dinner, leaning on her happy husband's arm, she had laid aside forever the heavy black robes of her hopeless bereavement. She had not forgotten little Charlie, but she had long learned to think of him as an angel form gone before her to his heavenly home, while beside her now walked the angel of her life, in the pride and strength of his manhood. Through fearful perils he had, by God's providence, returned to her, and thenceforth to wear the symbols of mourning would have blasphemed her pure and perfect joy.

No longer the "Widow Gray," she is still the favorite inmate of our boarding-house home. She and her husband delight to honor their humble friend, and their home is to be mine. We go together, often now, to visit Charlie's grave, but our sorrow is no longer as that of those who have no hope.

C. B.

THE CHILDREN IN THE STREET.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

I watch the little children,
'Neath my window day by day;
I hear their merry laughter,
As joyously they play.
I see the light breeze lifting
Their locks of shining hair;
And I think of all things lovely,
They are fairest of the fair.
For me there's sweetest music
In their lightly falling feet;
Ah! bright and gay and happy
Are the children in the street.

Soft glances beam from sunny eyes
Of black, and brown, and blue;
I love to look into their depths,
Those depths so pure and true.
Deceit within their trusting hearts
Has found no resting place;
And nought but innocence and joy
Is stamped on each fair face.
Days of holy, happy childhood,
Is there aught on earth so sweet?
God bless the gentle darlings—
The children in the street.

Grace and youth and simple beauty,
Every heart must feel *their* charms;
The Saviour loved young children,
And took them in his arms.
The blessing that he gave them
Rests still upon each brow;
His watchful care and tenderness
Is with these children now.
May their gentle, innocent, glad hearts,
For years as gayly beat,
As they do this pleasant evening—
Happy children in the street.

THE PASSIONATE CHILD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A dark-eyed boy sat playing at draughts with a little sister, two or three years younger than himself. His motions were deliberate and his manner absorbed, showing that he was deeply interested in the game. Suddenly, a flash went over his face, and an angry word against his sister leaped from his tongue.

"I didn't mean to do it," said the little sister, in a deprecating voice.

"Yes you did mean to do it!" The boy's black eyes lighted up with a fierce radiance; and there was a restless twitching of his hand, as if the impulse to strike was trembling along his nerves.

"Silence, sir!" exclaimed the mother of the children.

"Yes you did mean to do it!" repeated the boy, more passionately, and without seeming to have heard his mother's injunction.

"Silence, I say!" Angry blood now left a stain upon the mother's face. But a deeper stain dyed the boy's face.

"I'll kill you one of these days!" he almost shouted, as he pushed the small table at which they were sitting with so much violence, that it fell over, with a jar and a crash. Springing up, in wild excitement, the mother caught hold of the boy, and struck him two or three blows blindly and in rapid succession, he, meantime, struggling against her furiously.

"Now lift that table, and pick up the checker board," said the mother, assuming an air of the sternest authority, as she released the boy, pushing him from her with such force that he went staggering half across the room. He stood still, on recovering himself, with his face yet deeply flushed, and his whole frame quivering with passion.

"Did you hear me?" demanded his mother.

The boy stirred not a foot.

"John!" The mother's passion was increasing. Against this barrier to her will, the tide was swelling and foaming. But, she might as well have spoken to a statue. "Pick up that table!"

No sign of obedience was visible.

Still blinder in her passion, the excited mother sprung, with uplifted hand, towards the boy; but, with a quick motion, he eluded her, and darted from the room. She was following, when a low voice, so solemn in its warning, that she could not resist the appeal, pronounced her name, and she paused and turned back.

"Mary, Mary! As you love that child, forbear!"

"But what am I to do, Aunt Phœbe? Let him have his own way?"

The mother sat down, trembling, the flush dying out of her face until it became pallid.

"Rule him by the law of reason, Mary."

"Reason! Talk reason to a child in the heat of passion!"

"Not to the child, Mary, but to the mother."

There was a slight appearance of surprise.

"I am not sure that I understand you, Aunt Phœbe."

"The wise ruler," said Aunt Phœbe, "sits, first, in the region of calm debate, and before acting, determines the best mode of action. Was that your course just now?"

"There was no time for cool debate. I was required to act. John's wrong-doing demanded prompt discipline. A passionate temper like his must be checked in the first outbreak. You must hold him with a strong hand."

"You did not succeed holding him in the present case, Mary."

The mother's eyes dropped from those of her monitor, and fell on the floor.

"What am I to do?" There was trouble on her face as she looked up, and despondency in her voice.

"If we meet passion with passion, Mary, what is the result? A blinder and more desperate passion, in most cases; thus the evil against which we contend is made stronger instead of weaker. Does the arm grow feebler by use? If a child is timid, how do we induce courage?—by exciting his fears? Not so; we remove, as far as possible, whatever may awaken vague alarms, and teach him self-reliance, and the habit of looking past the mere surface of things, and understanding what is beneath. We help him to a condition of self-poise—help him to grow brave through his own mental power. Ridicule will not do this; nor experiments on his timidity, by which fear has sudden assault. If a child is inclined to the utterance of falsehoods, do we expose him to temptation in order to cure the evil. Will he not grow more indifferent to the truth? We show him the beauty and value of honor, integrity, sincerity and uprightness, so that he may fall in love with them. You cannot lessen the stream by obstructing its current. The source must be diminished."

"He is so passionate! I tremble when I look into the future," said the mother, as tears filled her eyes.

"And you are passionate, Mary," replied the aunt. "Passion against passion has worked injury from the beginning, and will ever work injury. You were a passionate child; and, as a woman, have not learned the great and important lesson of self-control. This being so, I see cause why you should tremble in looking into the future. On you, more than any other human being, rests the momentous issue. If you do not control yourself, you will never be able rightly to control him. By force and punishment you may, for a time, repress and subdue; but, steadily, under the reaction of passion against passion, will his fiery temper gain strength, until, in the end, overleaping all barriers, it will dash onward at its own wild will."

A shudder ran through the mother's heart. She had painful memories to warn and frighten—memories of deeds in her father's family, the result of unsubdued passion, which had shadowed many lives. Yet never, until this hour, had the right way of discipline for her quick-tempered child been suggested. Passion against passion! How clearly she saw its folly and madness. Passion against passion was a struggle in which each side gained power. It was an undying conflict.

"He has disobeyed me," said the mother. "I ordered him to lift the table he threw over in a fit of temper, and he refused. Can I let that pass?"

"Did you not make disobedience a necessity?" asked Aunt Phœbe, in her calm, penetrating voice.

"I do not understand you."

"Think a moment. Your command did not reach his true consciousness—did not touch his sense of filial obligation; but only gave passion and wilder force. It was impossible for him to obey."

"Impossible, Aunt Phœbe!"

"Strike a spirited animal, already quivering with excitement, and will he not start to plunge? What if you cry, 'Wo-a!' Will that soothe the irritation? The boy was not responsible for his conduct, and you will do well not to hold him to any serious account."

"But what am I to do, Aunt Phœbe? Let this outrage pass?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Deal with it as a mother who loves her child, and seeks its highest good, should deal."

"Easily said, Aunt Phœbe. But the way—that is the question."

"The true physician," replied Aunt Phœbe, "deals with causes rather than effects. Fever, for instance, he recognizes as an effect—the sign of some hidden obstruction to influent life—and he seeks, in applying his remedies, to reach this cause with as little disturbance of vital power as possible. If he can remove the cause, there results a peaceful cessation of the effect; but if he pursue a different course, assaulting fever as the real enemy, and attempting to dislodge it by a strong arm, a strife ensues, and the sick man is made worse, perhaps destroyed. Look deeper, my dear child, than these outbursts of passion, which but give signs of a hidden malady. John inherits a quick, blind temper from his mother. If she had subdued, in any degree, that temper before the boy was born, there would have been a weaker transmission of evil proclivity. But, as he has derived it in full force, the mother's next best thing is to begin overcoming it in herself, now, as the only way in which she can overcome it in her child. She must meet his passion with gentleness—his anger with such unmistakable love, as will melt it away like snow in the sunshine. She must be the wise physician, and deal with causes, not effects. Help him to see the evil of this quick, springing passion, and help him, in loving self-possession, to begin the work of conquest. Were you so taught and helped in your early years?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Phœbe!" The young mother spoke with strong feeling. "Had that been so, I might have been a different woman now."

"And thus, you see, by thinking back in your own case, through a wise and gentle government, this passionate boy may acquire the mastery over himself."

"But what am I to do now?" asked the mother. "How am I to deal with John in this unhappy strife? He has defied me!"

"Let passion die out for 'lack of fuel. Don't go near him for awhile. He will be surprised at this. Surprise him still more by the gentleness of your manner when you do see him. Say nothing of what has happened, or, if you do refer to it, speak in tender remonstrance or calm admonition. Reproof, even, should be avoided, as that may give a spur to pride or passion, and the longer these can be left asleep the better. Let him feel that love, instead of anger, moves you. And in truth, Mary, anger against your children, let them do as they may, should never get a lodgment in your heart. It blinds the judgment, and makes wrong action almost a necessity. Speak to them calmly, or not at all. Wait until you get the mastery over your own feelings, before you attempt to deal with them in the way of rebuke or discipline. Then your words, though spoken softly as the low murmur of a flute, will go forth in irresistible power. As to the way in which every exhibition of evil temper in your children is to be met, no formula of action can be laid down. But if love, instead of passion, rule your heart, love will make you clear-seeing in every emergency. As to John's present offence, think of it not as a deliberate defiance of your authority, but as the outbreak of an unhappy temper, by the turbulent course of which he receives the greatest injury, and experiences the deepest suffering. Let pity yearn towards him, and a mother's true love extinguish all anger at disobedience. As soon as you can come into this state, go to him, and God will teach you what to say."

The mother, in whom the current of feeling had entirely changed, now arose, and was moving from the room.

"Not yet, Mary," said Aunt Phœbe.

The mother paused and looked back, the sad, troubled expression of her face showing that her mind was far from being in a state of calmness.

"Not yet, my child. It is too soon to meet him. Your heart is not still enough, nor your thoughts clear enough."

She retired to her own room instead, and there sat down alone, in communion with herself. As she thought, from a changed state of mind, a tenderer love for her boy was born in her heart, and under its influence she went to him. After the boy's fits of passion, he usually fell into a sullen mood, from which he did not emerge, often, for hours. Every storm left marks of desolation behind. The mother found him, now, asleep. He had gone to his own chamber, fleeing from authority against which blind anger impelled him to react, and there let the wild fury of his sensitive spirit waste itself for lack of resistance. In the calmness that followed, he sunk into unconsciousness.

"John." A mother's voice could hardly have expressed a tenderer feeling. It went through the outward to the inner sense, reaching to the child's dreaming ear, and changing, as we see in a revolving view, the scenes that were before him in vision. An enemy had assailed him—an enemy against whom he was battling weakly and despairingly. He was in terror for his life, when, suddenly, his mother stood in place of the enemy, with smiles of love upon her face, and he flung himself in tears of joy upon her bosom. Half waking in the act, his arms were uplifted, and ere fully distinguishing between the dream-life and the real life, he was clasping her neck, and covering her mouth with kisses. The tide of feeling had turned, and its strong current was flowing in the direction of love instead of anger.

"Oh, mother! how I love you!" And the boy spoke truly. Love for his mother was a strong impulse in his heart, and all she needed for power to mold him to her will was self-government.

"I didn't mean to be so wicked, mother," he said, still clinging to her neck "Something in me spoke before I thought. I get angry so quickly, and it seems as if I couldn't help it. And I'm always so sorry. I'm sorry now, and I'll do anything if you will forgive me."

A kiss of forgiveness was laid upon his lips, and sealed by another on his forehead.

"Passion is a bad thing, my child," said the mother, gravely, yet with no love lost from her tones.

"I know it, mother." Trouble came into his large black eyes.

"Out in the cemetery, where we go sometimes," said the mother, after pausing to think for a few moments, "is a small grave, and on the head-stone is cut the words, 'Aged eleven years.' It is now twenty years since that grave was made, and the body of a little girl laid therein. I saw the funeral. I stood by when the earth went rattling down upon the coffin, and felt the shudder that crept through all hearts. She died from a blow, and the hand that gave the blow was the hand of her own brother, not three years older than herself. He struck her in blind passion, and she died. Poor boy! He became motherless not long afterwards. The blow killed mother and sister both!"

John's face grew pale. He remembered the sentence "I will kill you one of these days," that had been flung so madly from his lips; and shivered at the thought of its fearful consummation.

"Mother," said the boy, and then his eyes turned from her face, and he flushed and seemed confused.

"What is it, my son?" The kindness of her manner re-assured him.

"You won't be angry with me?"

"No, no, dear. Say just what is in your thought."

"I am so quick to be angry."

"I know it, my child."

There was another evidence of hesitation.

"Well, John, speak out."

"When I get angry, please don't get angry too, mother. It makes me worse, and I can't help it." The blood burned in his face, and he looked half-frightened, as if in dread of a violent reproof.

"What shall I do?"

The mother's frame quivered in her efforts to retain a composed exterior, as she asked this question.

"Kiss me, even if I am naughty. Talk to me just as you are talking to me now. Oh, mother!" And his arms went round her neck again. "I love you so much, and can't bear to have you cross. Don't scold me when I'm bad. It isn't me that's naughty, but something in me; and when you scold I forget everything."

"I will try, John; but you must try also." The mother's heart was full. She could not trust herself with many sentences.

An hour afterwards, a bitter word against his sister leaped wildly from the lips of John. Almost before she could restrain herself, a sharp reproof was on the tongue of his mother, but reflection came in time, and she shut her mouth in silence. The look she gave her boy subdued him instantly. Leaving his sister, he came across the room, and putting his arm around his mother's neck, said, with penitent seriousness.

"I forgot myself, mother."

She only kissed him in reply, and he went back in his right mind, and stronger for the moment of forgetfulness.

"Well done, Mary!" whispered Aunt Phœbe, bending towards her niece. "You have found the way."

"If so, may God give me strength to walk therein," was the low reply.

"So surely as you look to Him in love for your child, so surely will He give the strength," said Aunt Phœbe. "Never again meet passion with passion; but as you met it just now, and the evil will grow weaker, daily, for want of aliment; and as it grows weaker, self-control will grow stronger, and the boy, in advancing toward manhood, will advance into rational self-control, which alone can save him from that dominion of passion which mars the lives and destroys the peace of so many men. This result is worth all it may cost; perpetual vigilance is the price of civil freedom; so is perpetual vigilance the price of spiritual freedom. The foes that assault our hearts, seeking to find us in the thraldom of evil passions, are more subtle and deadly than outward foes, and we must be ever on our guard. You will not always be able to parry their attacks. But, let no failure produce discouragement. If you fall, rise again, and gird yourself for the battle, and you will surely come off conqueror in the end."

The prophesy of Aunt Phœbe was fulfilled. Love was strong in the mother's heart; and it had power by knowledge and experience. She was blind before, but now she saw clearly; and so love worked by intelligence, and the result was good. The passionate boy grew milder and more controllable under changed discipline, and when manhood found him, it found him in possession of himself.

"MOTHER'S BOY."

David Graham was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters—the children of a wealthy but hard-working farmer and his invalid wife. And of all the flock David was the only one who resembled his mother, either in the external likeness of feature and expression, or in those mysterious resemblances of spiritual life which serve to bind two beings, thus situated, in a stronger union than that of mere consanguinity.

"Ah! yes. That's David. He's always sitting in the chimney-corner, poring over books. I s'pose he'll have college larnin'! He's mother's boy!" his stalwart brothers were wont to inform strangers, with an expression as like a sneer as their stolid features could be made to assume.

And so his sisters, persisting in the, to them, pleasant fiction that books and papers, and such like literary material, were but useless lumber, would assail the innocent student with much "sound and fury," driving him, per force of broomsticks and dusters, to the safe refuge of "mother's room," and flinging after him the shrill-voiced taunt that there was his best place, since he was a lazy milksop and "mother's own boy."

And David liked well this calm retreat. He would scarcely ever have left it, in all the long hours of his puny childhood, had not his careful mother sent him forth to gather roses from the winds and balmy air. She knew the close, sickly air of that invalid's chamber was not adapted to the healthy development of this puny human plant, and she would deny herself the pleasure of the sight of the fair, pale face and curly hair of her darling for many an hour, in which she thought he was gathering strength.

And so, as he grew up, she spent starving days—days in which her heart was all an hungered and athirst for his love—while he went to school and feasted his eager mind on such meagre stores of learning as his country pedagogue could impart

He was at home now, a well-grown lad, though pallid and fragile indeed, as he stood beside those ruddy Anakims who cultivated his father's fields and dared to sneer at him whose all of wealth and power lay snugly compact in that gracious, well-poised head.

David was like his mother—we have said that before. But his fate was likely to be happier than hers, so at least the poor woman thought. He must care for his health, and then, being a man, he could achieve all the rewards and triumphs for which he longed. He should, he must, and thus, not wholly unsatisfied, she should through him enjoy and achieve likewise those things of which her youth had dreamed, but which her sordid, suffering life had been denied.

Her husband stood before her—come to pay his daily visit—a tall man, with hard, withered face, producing a general impression of knottiness and knobbiness, from the fact that hard work and "rheumatiz" had made many of his joints more stiff and prominent than quite accorded either with beauty or use.

"Wall, how are ye this mornin', mother? Pretty peart, eh?"

Mrs. Graham had answered these questions daily, in various ways, for half a score of years, but never had she administered such a sensation of astonishment to her husband as when, after assuring him that she *was* more "peart" than usual, she added that she wished to speak with him, and asked him to sit down a little while by her side.

"I think I've been a good wife to you, Mr. Graham, have I not?" she began, "at least till I became sick and helpless."

"Of course, mother—of course ye have. Nobody ever heard me complain—nobody says I complain, do they? 'Taint goin' to ruin me if you're sick, and sickness *is* expens*ive*. I wish ye was well, but *I* don't complain if *you* don't."

"I know sickness is expensive, but I do not cost you much, and I worked very hard for twenty years before I fell ill. Oh, no, I never heard that you complained."

"I thought not, 'cause I never did. I allers knew't you worked hard, 'specially when you had such a snarl of little children round you. But they're all grown up now, and hearty, 'cept David. Goodness knows you waited on them enough, so don't worry 'bout their waitin' on you, now. I guess they're willin', ain't they?" added the poor man, to whom no inkling of his wife's meaning had come.

"Perfectly willing, all of them," she answered, with a smile, for she really thought her children very kind, "especially David, who never can do too much for me. I don't know how I can part from him, and yet I must," and a sigh followed the smile.

"Why, I don't see as ye need to, not jest yet. He aint never goin' to be any use on the farm. He'll hev to go into a store, I guess, but ther's no hurry 'bout it."

"No, Mr. Graham, he must not go into a store, and he must leave home. That is what I want to speak to you about. David has talents that must be cultivated. He must have an education."

"Psho! He'll have the same chance as the rest of 'em, and that's enough, anyhow. More'n I had. He kin go to the 'Cademy next year, if he wants to."

"But that's not enough. I want you to give him a regular education, Mr. Graham. I worked very hard twenty years, and raised all this great family, Mr. Graham; is it too much that I want one of them reared after my own heart?"

"He's like to be, anyhow. The children call him 'mother's boy,' and so he is. But he's got to work—all on 'em hev."

"So he will, but he must work in his own way. The rest are strong in body; his strength equals theirs, but it is of the mind. Let him have an opportunity, and you will be proud of him some day."

"Hev a chance, eh? And how much d'ye s'pose it'll cost? You women can't earn money, but you can allers spend it, fast enough."

"Did I never earn money, Mr. Graham? What were all those years of toil, that wore out my strength and laid me here? Remember them, and then tell me if the only reward I ever asked is too much."

And thus the mother pleaded, not once alone, but many times, and at last she prevailed. The boy was sent to school, and his expenses paid; that much was gained.

The mother was lonely, but a great hope companioned her solitude. Her life had a purpose at last, and that purpose imparted strength all unwonted. Her boy had a score of wants unsupplied by the scanty pittance his father furnished. With patient effort the mother recalled a long-forgotten art, learned in her youth, and lying there amidst her pillows, she wrought the dainty lace into forms of such wondrous beauty as only love and hope could have imparted to her imagination. Through the doctor's wife she got these sent to the city, and presently came money and orders for more. It was her own secret, shared only by her kind friend. The household guessed nothing but that she wrought to wile the tedious hours, and David, wondering often at precious gifts, little dreamed that they were the fruits of many a painful effort borne with patient heroism, and lightened by a mother's love.

And he was truly "mother's boy." He had the unwavering fortitude, the sweet patience that had always characterized that parent, and which are usually supposed to be essentially feminine attributes. But all real heroism, in distinction from mere animal courage (most excellent this in its way) arises, even in man, from these and other womanly traits of character. All great men possess these, and in David Graham, though they seemed to be in excess in his youth, the later years proved that they but served to round into completeness a most noble and true man's character.

Ten years of David Graham's life was given to study. He came home one day, at the end of this period, to lay at his mother's feet the first glorious fruits of his efforts and hers. He found his parents alone in the old homestead. One by one the stalwart sons and buxom daughters had left the paternal hearth for firesides of their own.

The father was more withered and knotty than he had been ten years before. He was an old man and decrepit at sixty-five, while his wife, comely at sixty, with a new lease of life gained from the fulfilled purposes of her later years, moved statelily about the house, and sat at the head of her table smiling brightly upon her "boy," as he took his place there.

She had been a true prophet. The old man was proud of his son now. The others were "forehanded," or "getting along;" and the daughters had married pretty well, but though they had all been good children, and had followed his ways, and thought his thoughts, and were living his life, he was not in the least proud of them.

But "my son David," "mother's boy"—ah, thus the old man likes to speak of him, prattling to his neighbors as he sits upon the sunny porch—he is a great man—he has sat upon the "bench," he is an "honorable," and will, perhaps, be an "excellency" ere he dies. At least the old man believes that, and all things possible for him, and is proud accordingly.

But who shall describe that other love and pride, that keen appreciation, that perfect understanding which the mother has of "her boy." She enjoys his triumphs as if they were her own—nay, that were but small enjoyment compared with that she really feels in which all selfish aim and thought is merged. The mother never truly lived until she lived for him—the "mother's boy."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE dishonest advocate in courts of law makes himself the ruthless spoliator of all peaceful protection; he profanes the sacredness of justice under the shadow of her sanctuary; he preaches the ghastly doctrines of anarchy in the very temple of civilization.

HUMOR puzzles logic. We need not give a reason for the folly that is in us. Laughing is a most admirable system of stationary gymnastics Don't think to get rosy on statistics and plump on political economy.

THE house may draw visitors, but it is the possessor alone that can detain them. We cross the Alps, and, after a short interval, we are glad to return—we go to see Italy, not the Italians.

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness, and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

THE soul that has no established limit to circumscribe its endeavors loses itself. He that is everywhere is nowhere.

THE laws, according to Cicero, are silent amid arms; but, alas, lawyers are silent neither in war nor peace.

IN the interchange of leaden and iron compliments between soldiers, it is thought more blessed to give than to receive.

AN English writer says that Arkwright wrote his name upon the streams. We don't see how he could; streams are not stationery.

IT is vain to struggle against change and confusion. The whole world is turned upside down every twenty-four hours.

WE are told to weigh our thoughts; most men and women would need a very small pair of scales.

THIS is a fast generation, but our ancestors certainly got ahead of us in the world.

THE statesman pleads for the poor and ignorant; the demagogue pleads to them.

COURT-JESTERS are not the only wits that make fools of themselves.

THE love of wisdom is rare; the wisdom of love still more so.

WHEN the loved one is absent, every beautiful thing seems her shadow.

MARRY if you would prosper; a pair are always four-handed—an individual never.

EVERY day that you live you purloin from life; you live at the expense of life itself.

Do the best you can where you are, and, when that is done, you will see an opening for something better.

IN the grand theatre of human life, as in other theatres, a *box ticket* takes us through the whole house.

BULLETS can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.

THAT wondrous book, whose leaves are the strata of the rocks, waited six-thousand years for readers.

THOSE who make their breakfast on cold charity are not likely to get it warmed for dinner.

EVEN if your heart is in a cause, it doesn't follow that you should "put your foot in it."

A LOVER often brings suit in the court of a lady's heart without being able to sue out an attachment.

HORSES sometimes run for cups, but not half so often as men do.

WHEN people are crazy to marry, they attach no consequence to consequences.

IT is a noticeable fact that even Jove himself made a great fool of himself as often as he got in love.

AVARICE starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead.

THE most dangerous foe to freedom is a benevolent and popular despot.

THE mariner's compass has done some of the most important needlework in the world.

THE heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get easily at its contents.

WE had better be out of the world than have everybody wishing us out of it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

ABOUT a dozen rowdy boys, of ages varying from ten to sixteen years, got into an unoccupied house in Fourth street, one day not long since, and proceeded to do all the injury they could by defacing the walls and ceilings, breaking the marble mantels, the window glass, and also the stained glass in the doors between the parlors, wrenching off the door knobs, &c., &c.; but the wretches were caught, at last, by a policeman, who, hearing the noise within, arrested the whole gang and marched them off to the station house.

A COUPLE of Danish sailors got into a quarrel in South street near Peck slip one morning lately, and drawing their knives they made a great pretense of cutting each other up, but no harm came of it to either, except that of their being sent to prison to await an examination for "assault with deadly weapons and with an intent to kill." It is hardly possible that the "intent to kill" can be made out against them, as they seemed determined not to hurt one another.

A YOUNG lad, about fourteen years old, named Rowan, while playing on a pier on the East River, a short time ago, stept on a large, rusty iron spike, and being barefoot, the spike entered his foot, inflicting an ugly wound; he was taken to the hospital, and every attention paid him, but his foot became so inflamed that three of the toes were amputated in hopes of giving him relief, but in vain; lockjaw set in, after a time, and he soon after died.

As a lady and her little son about five years old were crossing Broadway, opposite Park Place, one afternoon recently, they were run against by an omnibus team, the boy was knocked down, and one of the horses stepping on him he was injured so badly that he died in a short time; the mother was also knocked down and somewhat injured, but not seriously.

A FARMER in Iowa hearing a noise in his pig pen one night a short time since, where the pigs were squealing franticly, took his rifle and went to see what was the matter. The matter turned out to be a bear, that was just making off with a fine porker, but the farmer leveled his rifle, dropt bruin, and saved his bacon.

A LADY living up town, was placing a can of burning fluid upon a shelf one evening recently, when the bottom fell out, and the fluid coming upon a lighted lamp, an explosion followed, her dress was set on fire, and before the flames could be extinguished she was burned so badly that she died, after lingering several days in great anguish.

A MARRIED lady living in Jersey City had her clothes set on fire by the explosion of a fluid lamp the other evening, and was very badly burned; her husband only succeeded in extinguishing the flames by enveloping her in pieces of carpet, which he tore from the floor for that purpose.

As a number of little girls were playing near the southeast corner of the Central Park one day recently, a gang of mischievous boys, who had got possession of a large cart wheel, rolled it swiftly and suddenly among the girls, knocked several of them down, breaking the arm of one of them, and seriously injuring the others.

THE body of a child, apparently about three years old, was found in a pile of stones and rubbish near Eighty-fifth street, one day recently, which bore marks of strangulation. No clue as to its identity, or of those who probably murdered the little creature, could be found.

A LITTLE girl, aged six years, was lately missed by her family, who, after a diligent search, could find no trace of her until a few days since, when her body was found floating in the Hudson, opposite pier No. nine, near which her parents reside.

A COUPLE of English rogues, who perpetrated forgeries to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars in London, and then fled to this country, were arrested in this city a short time since, and sent back to their native land, under the extradition law.

A CHILD, six months old, whose parents reside in the First avenue, fell out of bed head foremost, one night recently, and the shock superinduced concussion of the brain, which terminated in death.

A HOSE company in New Jersey recently sent seventy-four able-bodied men, connected therewith, to Washington, as soldiers, forming as handsome a company as any that has gone to the seat of war.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

THE CAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

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THE WAR BILL.

John Bull, as represented by his "next friend," the London Times, is much exercised about our war bill. We are running recklessly into debt, he thinks, and he can see nothing better for us in the distance than grinding taxation and cruel destitution, the whole to conclude with national bankruptcy and general ruin. We have authorized, madly authorized, a war loan of five hundred millions of dollars! John is shocked. Saddled, himself, with a national debt of about a thousand millions of *pounds sterling*, the eccentric old gentleman draws out his bandanna with a tragic air, puts it to his eyes, and weeps for us. Most of John's enormous liabilities were incurred in fighting the battles of the blackest despotisms in Europe. He does not expect ever to cancel them. In order to pay the annual interest upon them, he is taxed to the utmost limits of peaceable endurance, and yet he pities *us*, and is amazed that we should vote our money freely to support a government under whose fostering care we have so wonderfully thriven.

If John were not a hypocritical old crocodile, he would not talk in this fashion through his blatant mouth-piece, the Times. Nothing, save the immediate opening of the cotton ports, would tickle him so much as to see us on our last legs, politically and financially. But he will have to digest the venom of his spleen without the help of such a stomachic. The debt we have patriotism enough to incur, we have the capacity and energy to provide for. He is in the condition of the overladen camel—another feather's weight added to his present burden would go near to break his back. But Brother Jonathan, young, vigorous, and capable of bearing a mighty back-load, can *caper* under the pressure of a debt of five hundred millions of dollars. He has barely reached the third of the "seven ages," while John is in the sixth, and will soon be in the seventh. John should remember, too, that in this country we can *afford* to pay taxes. Men here are not obliged to *slave* for from twenty-five to fifty cents a day. Laborers are now wanted in the West at *twelve dollars a week*. A factory hand here can earn more in one day than he could earn at Manchester in three. Then land that scarcely requires more than scratching to make it productive, may be had in the United States—aye, and within reach of good markets, too—almost for a song. In short, the elements of immeasurable wealth lie around us on every side waiting to be developed, and we can accumulate riches by the arts of peace faster than war is now dissipating them. Let not, therefore, our anxious friend of the "fast-anchored isle" deceive himself with the hope that we are going to the bad. Our backbone is strong, our shoulders are broad. We can bear our self-imposed burden without wincing. One thing, however, we cannot afford, and that is to be parsimonious in sustaining that Union upon which our prosperity depends.

GIVEN NAMES.

There *is* something in a name, and had the "divine William" survived the last of the Tudors long enough to see the dawn of the Commonwealth, he would have acknowledged the fact. Whatever may be said of the rose smelling as sweet by any other name, it is quite certain that the vulgar patronymic "Barebones" derived a special "odor of sanctity," or rather of sanctimoniousness, from its prefix, "Praise-God." There was a great deal in the Christian names of the "chosen vessels" of Oliver Cromwell's day. The "Win-the-Fights" and "Serve-the-Lords" of that era would scarcely have been reverenced and looked up to as saints of the Church Militant, had they been mere Dicks and Toms.

Nobody in this profane age, however, would thank his parents for having tacked a Bible sentence to his family appellation at the baptismal font. The custom of putting Scripture texts and phrases to such a questionable use was abandoned even by the New England descendants of the Puritans more than a generation ago—the last "case" within recollection being that of a Yankee teamster who drove a wagon between Baltimore and Wheeling about thirty-five years since, and who rejoiced in the name "Through-Tribulation-Ye-Shall-Enter-the-Kingdom-of-Heaven Clapp." This being rather too long a cognomen to call a man to breakfast by, his friends abbreviated it to "Tribby Clapp." There are many persons now living in Baltimore and Wheeling who remember the old man well.

It is positively a piece of cruelty to bestow upon children names that must expose them to ridicule in after life. It is all very well for princes and princesses, whom it would be perilous for the "lower orders" to poke fun at, to have a string of jaw-breaking designations as long as the moral law; but in a nation of sovereigns who crack jokes and "run saws" upon each other without pity or remorse, the custom is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." In this connexion it occurs to us, that about the time John Quincy Adams went out of office, a gentleman of the name of Sears, residing in Washington, had a daughter baptized by the euphonious name, "Cordelia-Amelia-Zebulon-Pike-Montgomery-Wells." A friend of ours says he remembers Miss Cordelia-Amelia-Zebulon-Pike-Montgomery-Wells Sears, as a remarkably intelligent child, and will venture to say that she has many a time wished her "fond parient" had been less ambitious and more concise in his family nomenclature. Sometimes a Smith or a Brown bestows a high-sounding appellative upon his baby son, for the purpose of raising him above the level of the great mass of Smiths and Browns. Alas! the incongruous association only makes him a standing jest when he grows up. It is like saying, as the fruit-hawkers do in Constantinople, "In the name of the Prophet!—*figs*." The other day we saw it stated in the daily papers that "Brigadier-General Gustavus-Adolphus *Scroggs*" was raising a brigade of troops in Erie county. Mr. Scroggs is doubtless a very respectable man and a good patriot, but his parents did him great injustice.

A NEW REPUBLIC.

Two years ago Schamyl, the patriarchal chief of the Circassians, was captured by a Russian army, and now that brave and indomitable race, despairing probably of the return of their beloved high priest and ruler, have "proclaimed a republic." They are a people with whom, in their hard fight against their would-be enslavers, every American acquainted with their history has sympathized, and their adoption of a form of government identical in principle with our own, however it may differ from it in details, gives them a still nearer claim to our friendly regard.

Most of us have heard more of the *women* of Circassia than of its men. Plump and fair, with large, languishing blue eyes, and lips so tempting that bees would never have gathered round the bearded mouth of Plato if there had been such lips in Athens; they are considered the brightest types of female loveliness by the dark-skinned Orientals. Nor have they lacked European eulogists. Byron and Moore have celebrated them in song, and Oriental tourists, from the time when Lady Wortley Montague wrote her delightful letters to the date of Miss Pardoe's last work, have dwelt admiringly upon their charms. But it is with the *men* of Circassia—the Spartans of the present age—that we have now to do.

Glance at the map of Asia, and you will see an isthmus some 500 miles in length by 300 in breadth separating the Black Sea from the Caspian. The northern portion of this isthmus—a "corner of land" about the size of one of our second class states—is Circassia. From its upper frontier almost to the artic circle, towers the gigantic Empire of Russia. To the south is the Russian province of Georgia. Wedged in between them is the little nation of gallant mountaineers, who for more than sixty years have maintained their independence in spite of the utmost efforts of imperious Muscovy. In the fastnesses of the Caucasus, to which they have been driven from the rich pastoral plains where they once tended their flocks and herds, they defy the power of the mightiest despotism on earth. As regards relative strength, it is as if the humming-bird should defy the eagle; yet it has cost Russia more than half a century of continuous fighting, hundreds of millions of roubles, and countless thousands of her finest troops, to force them backward about one hundred and fifty miles! They are still far from being subdued. Only a short time ago they gained a signal victory over the forces of the Czar. There they stand at bay amid their mountain strongholds, daring to combat an empire of sixty-five millions, with an army of seven hundred thousand trained soldiers. It is a grand spectacle; one that no American patriot can contemplate without bidding the handful of freemen arrayed against such odds, God speed!

Long may they continue to hold, unconquered, the classic hights they have made doubly classic by their deeds; and so, we have no doubt, prays the Ottoman, for they are the only land barrier that lies between European Russia and the "Sick Man" of the East.

And this people have "proclaimed a Republic." We know nothing of its constitution or laws, but it is sufficient that it is a *republic*—that it recognizes the principle of popular sovereignty—the right of the majority to rule. In support of that right the Republicans of America—we do not use the word technically, but in its broad Washingtonian and Jeffersonian sense—are now in arms. Circassia, however, more fortunate than the champions of the American Union, is not called upon to do battle for her principles with her own kith and kin.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

A thoughtful and touching order from the War Department directs that the utmost care be taken to record the names and places of burial of all soldiers in the United States service who may hereafter die in the general or post hospitals, in encampments, or on the march. The order provides that the name of the deceased be cut or branded into a tablet of cedar or other lasting wood, to be raised at the head of his grave, that each grave be numbered, and that name, number, date of burial, &c., be forwarded to the Adjutant General's office at Washington, there to be permanently registered.

This system will greatly facilitate the identification of the remains of deceased soldiers, when it is desired to remove them from their far-off resting places to the *home* burial grounds, where the ashes of their kindred repose, and where loving friends and relatives can have the sad consolation of weeping over their graves.

It is inexpressibly afflicting to be unable to locate the dead—to know that *somewhere* moulders the dust of one we loved, without being able to find, or even conjecture, the spot where he lies. Wisely and kindly has the government provided, as far as possible, against such a contingency, and the friends and kindred of every soldier in its service will feel grateful for the considerate act.

In order to obtain full information on all points to which the order of Secretary Cameron refers, it will only be necessary to address a letter to the Adjutant General's office at Washington.

There are thousands of parents, wives, sisters and brothers of patriot soldiers among the readers of the LEDGER, and such of them as may not have seen the order will do well to bear this little article in mind. We could wish indeed that the information it contains might never be needed by any one of them, but, alas, the wish would be idle.

GENERAL FREMONT—A MISTAKE.

General Fremont certainly made a great mistake in quarreling with Colonel Blair. Though in a technical, military sense, the Colonel is subordinate to the General; still, in *official position*, as Chairman of the Military Committee of the House of Representatives, he is equal, if not superior, to him. Besides, it was mainly through the efforts of Colonel Blair, and of his brother, the Postmaster-General, that General Fremont was appointed to his present high and honorable station, and it is never becoming in an official to turn his back on those tried friends who elevated him to power. Colonel Blair has done too much for the Union cause in Missouri to be ill-treated by any man—no matter what may be his position—who has the good of the country at heart. We are sorry, therefore, both for General Fremont's sake, and the sake of the country, that he should have made this mistake.

MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

THE LAST DAYS OF MARIA ANTOINETTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the night of the 20th of June, 1792, a mob of countless thousands, surging through the streets of Paris, crowded through the wickets of the Louvre into the Place du Carrousel. Bringing up two pieces of cannon before the royal gate of the Tuileries, they were preparing to blow the gates down, when the officers of the palace, finding resistance hopeless, ordered the doors to be thrown open. In locust legions the multitude rushed in, swarming through every part of the palace. The queen, with her children, and surrounded by a few friends, was in one of the chambers when the mob with their hatchets hewed down the door and burst in. Her daughter, ten years of age, clung terrified and weeping to her side. Her son, seven years old, gazed upon the spectacle half alarmed, yet wondering what it meant.

As the crowd surged along through the room, the queen being protected in a corner by a few of the palace guard, a young girl stopped before the queen and assailed her with the most bitter imprecations.

"Have I ever," inquired the queen, calmly, "done you any wrong?"

"No," replied the girl, "not me personally, but you are the cause of the misery of the nation."

"You have been told so, but you are deceived," answered the queen. "As the wife of the King of France, and mother of the dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman. I shall never see my own country again. I can be happy only in France. I was happy when you loved me."

The impulsive girl burst into tears, and said: "I ask your pardon. It was because I did not know you. I see that you are good."

At length the mayor of the city succeeded in clearing the palace, and the king and queen, who had been separated, were enabled to reach each other. The mob had placed the red cap of the Jacobins on the king's head, which in the confusion he had forgotten to remove. Perceiving it from the reflection of a mirror, a glow of shame flushed his face, and sinking into a chair, for a moment he covered his eyes with a handkerchief, and then turning a saddened look to the queen, said:

"Ah, Madame, why did I take you from your country, to associate you with the ignominy of such a day as this?"

Days of revolution and turmoil passed slowly away, during which terror constantly reigned in the interior of the palace. The inmates of the Tuileries were in constant apprehension of a renewed attack, by night and by day.

"During the whole month," writes Madame Campan, the companion of the queen, "I was never once in bed. I always dreaded some night attack. One morning, about one o'clock, footsteps were heard in the ante-room of the queen's chamber, and then a violent struggle and loud outcries, as the groom of the chambers grasped a man who was stealthily approaching with a dagger, apparently to assassinate the queen."

"I begin to fear," said the queen, one day, "that they will bring the king to a trial. Me they will assassinate; but what will become of our poor children? If they assassinate me so much the better; they will rid me of an existence which is painful."

Again, on the night of the 9th of August, the dismal sound of the tocsin was heard in the streets of Paris. A thousand drums beat the alarm through all the streets, and the booming of signal guns shook the city. News had arrived that the allied army had crossed the frontiers of France and was on the march to crush the revolution. It was known that the king, the court, and the aristocrats generally were ready to rise and join the allies. The friends of the king hurried to the palace, announcing, with pale lips, that the terrible hour for another assault by the populace had come. The king, the queen with her two children, and other members of the royal family gathered in a room together as lambs huddle when wolves howl around the fold.

It was a sultry, autumnal night, and not a cloud obscured the stars. Several battalions of the National Guard, amounting to about five thousand men, surrounded the palace, supported by twelve pieces of artillery. The queen, and the king's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, ascended to a chamber from which they stepped out upon a balcony which commanded a general view of the city. The cry and uproar of countless thousands were heard as they surged through all the streets and avenues which led to the palace. The tramp of the multitude upon the bridges, the blaze of bonfires and the gleam of torches added to the sublimity of the scene. Appalled by the spectacle, the two princesses for some time uttered not a word. At length Maria Antoinette broke the silence. Pointing to the moon, she said:

"Before that moon returns again, either the allies will be here, and we shall be rescued, or I shall be no more. But let us descend to the king."

All the passions of her soul were aroused. The spirit of her imperial mother glowed over her flushed cheek. Her spiritless husband, strong only in patient endurance, stood in his room bewildered and submissive to his lot. The queen, with stately tread and eyes flashing fire, drew from the belt of a grenadier a pistol, and, presenting it to the king, said:

"Now, sire, is the time to show yourself a king."

But there was nothing in the soul of Louis XVI. to respond to this appeal. With imperturbable meekness he took the pistol and returned it to the soldier. The friends of the Court decided that the king and queen should descend to the Place du Carrousel, in the rear of the palace, to review the troops, it being hoped that their presence would rouse the soldiers to enthusiasm in their defence. The appearance of the king, fat, waddling and nerveless, excited only contempt. But the majestic aspect and demeanor of the queen arrested every eye, and compelled the admiration even of her foes. Her flushed cheek and flashing eye invested her with almost superhuman beauty. As, with her husband, she returned to the palace, she exclaimed, despairingly:

"All is lost. The king has shown no energy. A review like this has done us more harm than good."

Thus despondent she ascended the stairs to the saloon of the palace. The king, however, led by his friends, passed through the hall and entered the garden of the Tuileries, where several regiments of the royal troops were stationed. Though some applauded, others clamored, for all knew that he was in sympathy with the invaders. At length the cry was heard, raised by hundreds of voices, "down with the tyrant." The queen from the windows of the palace heard it. Turning pale as death, she sank into a chair, exclaiming:

"Great God! they are hooting the king. We are all lost."

Soon M. Roederer, a faithful officer of the crown, entered the palace, and announced that, unreliable as the soldiers were, it would be impossible to defend the palace against the mob.

"Sire," said he to the king, "there is not a moment to be lost. There is no safety for you or your family but in the bosom of the Assembly."

The National Assembly was then in session in the old monastery of the Feuillants, since torn down, but which then stood on the western side of the garden where the Rue de Rivoli now runs. It was the popular Congress which had overthrown the old Bourbon despotism, and established the constitutional monarchy of France. To seek safety there, was to the queen to drink the last dregs of degradation.

"Go to the Assembly!" she exclaimed; "never, never will I take refuge there. Rather than submit to such infamy, I would prefer to be nailed to the walls of the palace."

"It is there only," M. Roederer replied, "that the royal family can be in safety. And it is necessary to escape immediately. In another quarter of an hour we may not be able to secure our retreat."

"What?" exclaimed the queen, angrily; "have we no defenders? are we alone?"

"Yes, Madame," M. Roederer replied, "we are alone. The troops are fraternizing with the mob, and turning their guns against the palace."

Another gentleman present, who had advocated the popular cause, but who had come to the palace to secure the safety of the royal family, ventured to add his voice, urging the necessity of seeking an immediate retreat. The queen turned fiercely to him, and said:

"Silence, sir! It becomes you to be silent here. When the mischief is done, those who did it should not pretend to wish to remedy it."

"Madame," said M. Roederer, firmly, "by this delay you peril not only your own life, but that of your husband and your children. Think of the responsibility which you take upon yourself."

The king now raised his eyes, and, with a stare of anguish, said: "Let us go."

A guard of soldiers was immediately called in, and the melancholy group left the palace. As they walked through the paths of the garden, the king amused himself in kicking the leaves which profusely covered the ground. The energy and persistency with which the queen had resisted every reform in the government, had rendered her excessively unpopular. As the group approached the door of the monastery the queen was recognized by the group standing around, and cries of "down with the Austrian woman," fell stunningly upon her ears. But the accompanying guard forced their way along, and the royal family found momentary refuge in the Hall of The Assembly. To be continued in our next.

FASHIONABLE FALL COMPLAINTS.

Regular as the close of the summer, the scarlet and yellow fevers make their appearance in New York, and, curious to say, attack principally the fairer sex. The head and face seem to be the first parts affected, although in many cases it settles on the shoulders, and sometimes extends within a few inches of the feet. Occasionally one sees a male patient with a red streak about his throat, just below the shirt collar, proving that even lordly man is liable with foolish woman to this cruel epidemic. Poor little babies, too, toddle about with its marks upon their persons, and unlike other eruptive cases, the fresh air does not seem to "strike it in." A singular freak of those affected is a hallucination for the advice of some milliner or mantua-maker instead of a doctor; and the patient, instead of taking to his bed, takes to the looking-glass or the promenade; rejoicing all the more because of his yellowness or redness, and complacently inviting the gaze of the bystanders, as he moves along. This epidemic does not appear to be confined to any particular locality or to any one class of persons—Fifth Avenue and the Five Points being equally represented. We recommend as a novel topic for investigation to some young and ambitious Esculapius, this annual Gotham epidemic measured off by the yardstick, to suit afflicted customers.

FANNY FERN.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

It has always been our impression that rogues should be "handled without gloves;" conceive our astonishment then at seeing all our policemen, with their digits carefully enclosed in this article of apparel. Is it that rogues now-a-days are more nauseous than aforetime, or policemen more dainty? Or is it that the stalwart officers, seemingly selected from the sons of Anak, glorious in tallness, bigness, whiskers and buttons, are merely on parade duty, without hostile intent? Our mind is exercised on the subject, particularly as little beggar boys grow saucier and profaner, if they receive not frosted cake instead of bread, chicken pie instead of cold meat; particularly as house areas are selected by loafers for sleeping apartments, as the places where they will not be likely to be disturbed by the guardians (?) of the night. Particularly as new door-mats have a constant habit of walking down street, and not returning after the ramble, and *that* notwithstanding the white gloves of our giant policemen. We are a woman—and therefore "ignorant." We are a woman, and therefore "curious." We are a woman—we pay taxes, and *therefore* we are impertinent enough to ask a question about municipal matters.

FANNY FERN.

THE ROAD TO HONOR.

Nearly all of Napoleon's greatest generals began their career in the ranks. *That, in fact, is the best place for a young man to begin, who has the real soldierly stuff in him.* And in this country the private is "as good as anybody, and a little better." To him who is competent and ambitious, promotion is certain to come. The War Department keeps constantly open a large number of commissions for the express purpose of conferring them upon meritorious privates who win the right to promotion.

CARROLLTON, Ky., *September* 9, 1861.

MR. BONNER:—I see you have some good articles on the treatment of troops and their wants. Can't you write an article on the advantage of regular cooks in the army? I know a company of one hundred men who employ one cook, and give him twenty dollars a month. He cooks for the whole company, so that every soldier is available to government. The usual mode is to detail some eight men to do the cooking, which costs the government one hundred and four dollars a month, and at the same time the men do not get their meals regularly, nor is their food properly cooked, for a large majority of our volunteers know nothing about cooking. Much of the sickness in camp is caused by a lack of knowledge in preparing and serving the meals regularly to the men. I visited a camp in Indiana where things were conducted in this way, and when the beans came on the table for eating, the outer surface was soft, but the middle was as hard, if not harder, than when they were put on to cook; meat burnt or not half done; the coffee like slops, or so strong that no one could drink it; the bread, when they did not get baker's bread, was as hard as a stone; and many were suffering from the effects of this fare, and had become thoroughly disgusted with camp life. There are hundreds of cooks out of employment at this time, as all of the boats on the western rivers are about stopped, and they have nothing to do, and would be glad to go into service. But when they volunteer, they say that they want to see more active duty than to be cooking all the time; but still, at the same time, they would go as cooks, providing they could get better wages for cooking than for carrying a gun.

From these few hints I hope to see something from your pen that will draw the government's attention to the matter referred to.

Respectfully yours, W. L. SMITH.

INVENTIONS WANTED.

Our inventors, it appears, are as busy as ever. The patent office issues its regular average of about sixty patents a week, just as though nothing particular were going on in the country. Nor are many of the new patents for improvements in implements of war. Now and then, some ingenious and daring individual brings forward a new breech-loading gun, or an improvement in musket locks, but the great majority of the inventors still confine themselves to the production of new churns, improved horse-rakes, patent humming-tops, scientific rolling pins, faster locomotives and better quartz-crushers.

These things are very well in their way. We wish, however, some one would turn his attention to other branches of invention, and introduce an improved method of "running the machine" of city government. We want some kind of a moral winnower, which shall blow away the scoundrels, and let true men only drop into the public granary. There is great need, also, of a City-tax-diminisher, and an improved, double-action rebellion-crusher. There is a chance for some one to bring into general use conscience-stricken telegraph operators, or if these be beyond the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, then some acute Yankee may contrive a war-despatch sifter, and a special-correspondent corrector. Several calls have been lately made for a Russell-stopper, but it is now thought that the new journalistic-treason-extinguisher, in operation at Fort Lafayette, will answer every purpose. But oh! what endless honor will crown the memory of the man who shall invent a universal speech-shortener, with a boast-and-blow-suppressing attachment!

Of this last-named contrivance we believe there is some hope. Ingenious men have caught the sublime idea. Vague intimations have reached us of an invention by the operation of which audiences may be greatly relieved and the national character for modesty improved. The machine works in the manner following: As soon as a speaker has said all that he has to say, but shows no signs of stopping, a set of most ingeniously contrived instruments begin what the inventor calls the shuffle-foot movement. This acts as a kind of brake upon the orator's organs of speech, and is generally sufficient to bring him to a stop in ten minutes. If not—if he *will* go on in spite of the action of the brake—then a more powerful instrument is brought to bear on him, called the cough-down. This cannot fail to reduce him at once.

PIC-NICS.

To tell the sober truth, that species of rural felicity denominated a pic-nic, "is not what it is cracked up to be." A pic-nic looms up attractively in the distance, but it too often proves at the expected point of pleasurable contact, a mere *mirage*, or, to use the language of the "Pacha of Many Tales," it eventuates in "bosh!—nothing." Nevertheless it is a delightful thing to dream about the night before, as most of our youthful readers no doubt can testify. Visions of cold chicken pie and warm flirtations, of flowery meads and sponge cake, and of *olla podridas* of sentimental and substantial delicacies in general, haunt the pillow of the pick-nickian expectant. But not always cometh joy with the morning. It may "threaten rain," thus causing a postponement—and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Overhaul the pages of your copy book for the proverb, and when found make a note of. It may *not* threaten rain, and yet rain may steal in upon the feast, thus damping youthful hopes and throwing cold water upon the fondest anticipations. Nevertheless a really delightful pic-nic is not a thing impossible. And this is the season when there is the most probability of such a possibility. Therefore we would say to those of the young readers of the LEDGER who have not as yet pick-nicked—now is your chance. The turf is in good order, and the weather about this time is not so coquettish but that it may (sometimes) be depended upon for a day. Yet for all that we should as soon think of going to battle without arms as to a pic-nic without umbrellas and camp stools. The skies are fickle and grass is damp. The tricksy zephyrs sometimes shake coughs, colds and agues out of their plumes, and the dews that sparkle so beautifully may be merely shining capsules containing the essence of cramp and rheumatism. We merely hint at these matters for the benefit of elderly people and invalids—to the young and healthy they are of little consequence. It is not likely that a shower will hurt them, and if they have light hearts they can make their own sunshine.

WHERE ARE THE TARGETEERS?

Real soldiering has put a complete stop to playing soldier. September and October are the months of target excursions, regimental inspections and show parades. Generally, at this season, the city has a most martial aspect, particularly in the afternoons, so numerous are the target parties and parading regiments. It was one of the pleasures of a walk in Broadway to hear the magnificent bands that preceded, and often outnumbered, the companies that employed them. How changed, this year! Not a target company is seen, not a band is heard, not a regiment parades. Squads of heavy-laden recruits go by, and departing regiments, preceded by a single drum, or a fife and drum. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war we see no more; for war itself has neither pomp nor circumstance. It is grim-visaged and rusty-coated, and carries on its back a stuffed knapsack and an extensive assortment of tin-ware.

IMPROVEMENT IN LADIES' DRESS.

A great alteration for the better seems to be taking place in the dress of the ladies, just now. There is much less *extreme dress* in the public thoroughfares than there has been for a long time past. Whether this change be owing to the present necessity for economy, or to that radical reform in female ideas on this subject, which the more sensible portion of the community have so long been waiting and hoping for, the *result* is certainly most gratifying. A pretty woman never looks so enchanting as when plainly and tastefully dressed. A *showy* dress serves only to render *plainness* of person more conspicuous. So, either way, ladies, you have now hit upon the "happy medium" which pleases all parties whose opinion is worth caring for.

INFANT SMOKERS.

What is to be the future of a generation who commence smoking at the age of nine years? We gravely asked ourself this question as a lad of that age passed us with a very strong cigar between his lips, puffing away like any dried-up old smoker. What are the parents or guardians of these children thinking about, that they allow such precocious waste of life! Surely *not* of the good of the child; surely not of the great responsibilities they have assumed, to throw off so carelessly. If it were a solitary instance, we might not have spoken of it, but the sight of boys in jackets perpetrating this folly, has become so common among us, that it certainly calls for reprehensible mention.

MISERERE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

In the west the sullen sunset
  Lights the dusky hills—and nigher
Flying gleams of wild October
  Fringe the wold with sudden fire—
Wandering flame that climbing kindles
  Some old patriarch of the wood,
Like red Sinai's seer dilated—
  Thrilled from brow to foot with God!

Like a battle-field the uplands
  Blush with burning fruits and flowers,
And the hush is only broken
  By the footfalls of the hours;
By their footfalls' mellow music,
  Where they keep their watch sublime;
On the crumbling walls of ages,
  And the hoary towers of Time!

And the river's silver voices
  Murmur on the sands below,
To the reeds among the shallows
  Where the pale flags float and flow·
We can hear the plaintive burden
  Of their melancholy song,
When the days are still and lonesome,
  And the nights are sad and long!

When the fettered winds scarce stir the
  Dying pulses of the grass,
And the shadows seem to waver
  Into moonlight as they pass;
For a pallid glory lingers
  Over all the fading earth;
Echoes of the bloom and fragrance,
  Of the melody and mirth.

Lustrous, solemn through the purples
  Of the deepening year it falls
On the new-made grave of Summer,
  'Neath the woodland's windy walls;
And as phantom-like and mournful
  In my soul a radiance lies,
Memories of a song now silent,
  And the sunlight of lost eyes!

Oh! if from the burial splendors
  Of the years long dead and past,
We might call with mortal yearning
  Them who sweetly sleep at last!
But I rave! the dead are quiet,
  Wherefore weep o'er such as *rest?*
Only for the faithless living
  Should we bear an aching breast!

Requiescat! let them slumber—
  They are done with time and change,
With the pangs of pain and sorrow,
  With the love that can estrange!
Miserere! not above THEM
  Should such wailing hymn arise,
They whose happy souls have blossomed
  By the streams of Paradise!

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Condemned to death—Oh! dread
The thoughts of coming suffering—there
The scaffold stands in morning's air,
  Crowds wave-like round her spread,
Their eyes upraised to see her die,
No heart to breathe a pitying sigh—
  The prison stones her bed.
MICHELL.

Malcolm Montrose, nearly maddened by despair, threw himself into a carriage, and drove swiftly after the prison van in which Eudora was taken back to gaol.

He was met at the prison entrance by the warden, of whom he urgently demanded:

"Where is she? How is she? Has she recovered her consciousness? Oh, Anderson! let me go to her at once!"

"Mr. Montrose, I am very sorry for you, and my heart bleeds for her; but I must do my duty, and tell you that you cannot see her," said the warden, sorrowfully.

"Why, how is this?" groaned Malcolm.

"Ah, sir! all is changed when a prisoner is condemned to death. The rules that govern us in taking care of them are very strict. From the moment sentence is passed they are cut off from the living, as one may say, and have no more to do on this earth but to use the few days left to prepare for death!" said the warden, with a heavy sigh.

"Great Heaven! Anderson, do you mean to say that no friend may go to her to try to alleviate her sufferings through this horrible calamity?"

"Sir, the gaol chaplain will visit her. Two female turnkeys will always be with her; and by applying to the sheriff, you may obtain an order to see her, though even then only in the presence of others."

"Oh, Eudora! Eudora! has it come to this! Oh, God! what a world of chaos and horror is this, in which the innocent are sacrificed and the guilty are triumphant!" cried Malcolm, distractedly.

"But there is another world, Mr. Montrose, in which the ways of God shall be justified to man," said the warden, solemnly.

"Aye, there *is* another! and thank God that this life which leads to it is short! A few more years of this mystery of iniquity—this whirling confusion in which truth is lost and good trampled to dust by evil, and each sinner's or sufferer's share in the madness of life will be over forever! Would to God it were over with that poor, sweet victim even now! Oh, would that she might never have waked again to consciousness of suffering here!" exclaimed Malcolm, with impassioned earnestness.

"Mr. Montrose, you are dreadfully agitated. Pray come into my apartment and sit down, and try to compose yourself, while I go to the cell to see how she is doing and bring you word," advised the warden, opening a side door, and admitting his visitor into the office.

Malcolm paced up and down the floor with disordered steps until the return of the warden from his errand.

"Well, sir, how is she?" he hurriedly inquired, as Mr. Anderson entered.

"Lying still in a deep swoon," replied the warden.

"Thank Heaven! every hour of that swoon is a respite from anguish! Oh, that while she is in it her spirit may pass peacefully away to heaven! Who is with her?"

"Mrs. Barton and my wife. They are doing all that they possibly can for her relief, and believe me, Mr. Montrose, every care and comfort shall be given her that her unhappy condition and our painful duty will permit. I would do as much, sir, for the poorest and most friendless stranger that might be committed to my charge, to say nothing of the daughter of the noblest man I ever saw and the best friend I ever had," said the warden, earnestly.

"I am sure you would. And——I hope you do not believe her guilty?"

The warden winced. Since the disclosures of the trial his faith in the innocence of Eudora was much shaken. He would gladly have evaded the inquiry, but as the looks of Malcolm were still eagerly questioning him, he was obliged to answer:

"I do not know what to believe, sir. As the daughter of her father, I should say she could not be, sir; but then her mother was an East-Indian, and no one knows what venom might have mixed with the good old Leaton blood in crossing it with *that* breed."

"That is enough! You cannot help believing what all the world, except a very few, believe. Oh, Heaven! my poor Eudora, that even your dead mother's race should rise up in evidence against you! But we must be patient; aye, patient until the very judgment-day, when all shall be made clear! Would to God that it were to-morrow! Where can the sheriff be found this evening, that I may go to him at once to get that order you spoke of?"

"He is in the village now, staying at the Leaton Arms. But, Mr. Montrose, you cannot in any case see Miss Leaton before to-morrow morning, for the hour for closing has already arrived, and it is against the rules to open to anyone."

Deep grief is never irritable, else Malcolm might have uttered an imprecation on the rules, instead of asking, with quiet despair:

"How early in the morning may I be admitted?"

"With the sheriff's order, at any time after nine."

With this answer Malcolm bowed, and again earnestly commending Eudora to the care of the warden, took his leave.

He first went and secured the order from the sheriff, and then sought out Mr. Fenton, who was staying at the same over-crowded inn. He found the unsuccessful advocate in deep despondency. They shook hands silently, like friends meeting at a funeral, and then the lawyer began to say:

"I did all that man and the law could do to save her, but——" His voice broke down and he could say no more.

"I know you did," moaned Malcolm.

"The evidence was too strong for us——"

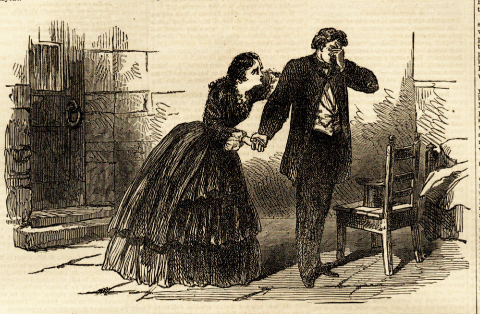
"But not too strong for your faith in her."

"No, no; I am an old practitioner with a long experience among criminals, and I could stake my salvation that that child is not guilty——"

"Despite her East-Indian blood?"

"Yes; and, if there were time, something might even yet be done to save her——"

"Fenton!" exclaimed Malcolm, starting forward and gazing with breathless eagerness in the lawyer's face.



FATAL TIDINGS.

"I mean, though the detectives we have hitherto employed have failed to discover the least clue to this hideous mystery, yet if there were more time, we might engage others who might be more successful."

"More time! Oh, God! When is the day of her——martyrdom ordered?"

"This day fortnight, I understand."

Malcolm recoiled and sank into his seat. There was silence between them for a few minutes, and then Malcolm suddenly exclaimed:

"Fenton, I know it is a desperate chance, but I cannot bear to have her perish without another effort. Draw up a petition for a respite, and after I have seen her to-morrow, I will myself take it up to town, and lay it before the Home Secretary."

"I will do so, and will get as many signatures as I can in the meanwhile," replied the lawyer, feeling a sense of relief at the thought of doing anything, however hopelessly, for his unhappy client; and knowing besides, that if it did Eudora no good, it might help to console Malcolm with the thought that nothing had been left untried to save her.

They talked over the terms of the petition, and then Malcolm, leaving the lawyer to draw up the document, took his departure.

Loathing the thought of rest while Eudora lay in the condemned cell, he bent his steps towards the prison, and spent the night in walking up and down before the walls that confined the unhappy girl.

Meanwhile Eudora lay extended on the iron bed of the condemned cell. She was still in a deep swoon; her form was rigid, her features livid, her pulse still.

The two watchers, while conscientiously doing all they could to restore her sensibility, silently hoped that she might never more awake to suffering, but that her soul might pass in that insensibility. During that long, deep trance, her spirit must have wandered far back over leagues of space, and years of time to the beautiful land of her birth, and the days of her childhood, for when at dawn of morning she recovered her senses, she looked around her with eyes full of the innocent, soft light of girlhood, modified only by a slight surprise.

"What place is this? Where am I?" those eyes seemed to inquire, as she gently raised herself on her elbow to examine the cell.

The watchers were silent from awe and pity; but the narrow stone walls, the iron door, the grated window, sternly though mutely answered the questioning gaze.

And as the truth slowly grew upon her memory, her face changed from its look of girlish curiosity to one of terror and anguish, and with a piercing cry, she fell back upon the pillow, and covered her eyes with her hands.

The kind women that filled to her the double office of warders and attendants, took her hands from her face, and began to address her with words of sympathy; but what words of theirs had power to reach her heart, snatched far away from ordinary human comprehension as she was by her great woe!

She never answered, or even seemed to hear them. After the first sharp cry that marked her returning consciousness, she lay in silent anguish.

And so the hours of the morning crept slowly on until the rising sunbeams glanced into the cell. Then the two weary watchers were relieved by Mrs. Barton, who came in and sent them to take some rest, while she herself remained to put the cell in order, and assist the nearly dying girl to get on her clothes.

"Come, my poor dear, it is better for you to try to rouse yourself a little. Rise up and bathe your face in this nice cool water, and then dress yourself, for some of your friends will be getting an order from the sheriff to come and see you, they will, and you should be ready to receive them," said Mrs. Barton, as she poured the water into the basin, and took the hand of Eudora to assist her to rise.

In mute despair the poor girl suffered herself to be guided. Silently she followed all Mrs. Barton's directions.

"Come, come, don't give up so; while there's life there's hope; and I myself have known more nor one person pardoned or commuted after they've been condemned to death," continued the good woman, trying to comfort the prisoner while assisting at her toilet.

But the shuddering young creature seemed incapable of reply.

"Oh, dear, dear! what can I say to you? Can't you still trust in God?" sighed the woman.

No, Eudora could not. Innocent, yet condemned, she felt her faith in God and man utterly fail; and lacking this support in her hour of extremity, she sank beneath her weight of affliction; and as soon as she was dressed and out of the hands of Mrs. Barton, she fell again upon the bed, and buried her head in the pillow.

Her breakfast was brought by another turnkey, and Mrs. Barton took it from his hand and set it on the little table, while she entreated the prisoner to rise up and try to partake of it. And Eudora, in the perfect docility of her spirit, sat up on the side of the bed, and took the cup of coffee in her hand and attempted to drink it, but in vain; and then, with a deprecating look, she handed the cup back to Mrs. Barton, and sank down upon the bed. The good woman saw that she could not swallow, and so she sent the untasted breakfast away.

A few minutes after this, Malcolm Montrose, attended by the governor of the gaol, came to the cell. Mr. Anderson left him at the door, and retired to a short distance in the lobby.

Malcolm had forced himself into a state of composure, and nothing but the deadly paleness of his face betrayed his inward anguish.

When he entered the cell Eudora was still lying on the outside of the bed, with her face buried in the pillow, while the female turnkey stood by her side.

"How is she?" breathed the visitor, in the hushed tones of deep woe.

"Oh, sir, she has not uttered one word, or swallowed one morsel since her conviction. Speak to her, sir; perhaps she will answer you," said Mrs. Barton.

"Do *you* speak to her; tell her that I am here," requested Malcolm, in a faltering voice, as he struggled to retain an outward composure.

The woman bent over the stricken girl, and whispered:

"Miss Leaton, dear, here is your cousin, Mr. Montrose, come to see you. Won't you turn and look at him?"

The name of Malcolm broke the spell of dumb despair that bound her. Starting up, she caught the hands of her cousin in both her own, and gazing in an agony of supplication in his face, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Malcolm, save me from this fate! No one will save me unless you do!"

He dropped upon his knees beside the bed, and bowed his head upon her clinging hands, and answered, in a broken voice:

"Eudora, all that man can do shall be done to save you! I would pour out my heart's best blood to deliver you."

"Malcolm," she exclaimed, still clinging to his hands as the drowning cling to the last plank, and gazing down on his bowed face, with her eyes dilated and blazing between wild terror and mad hope, "Malcolm, I did not do what they say I must die for! you *know* I did not! Oh, surely there must be some way to prove it—some way that you can find out! Oh, Malcolm! try—try hard to save me from this fate! Oh! do not think that I am a coward, Malcolm! It is not death I fear. I should not dread dying in my bed with some devoted friend beside me, as sweet Agatha died! But to be hung! to die a violent, struggling, shameful death, with all the people looking at me!—oh! for Heaven's sake, Malcolm, save me from such maddening horror!"

"Eudora! child! love! it is not necessary for you to urge me so earnestly. I would give my body to be burned if that would save you! and all that human power can accomplish shall be tried to deliver you. I have not been idle since your conviction. Already I have set on foot a scheme by which I hope to serve you!" replied Malcolm.

"Oh, Malcolm, devoted friend, before you came in I feared that even God had forsaken me, but now I do not think so. Your plan, dear friend, what is it?"

Mr. Montrose had not intended to tell her of his mission to London, lest he should only raise false hopes; but it was not possible to behold her agonizing terror of pain and shame, or hear her earnest appeals for comfort and deliverance, without immediately responding and yielding her hope.

"I have a petition drawn up, praying the Crown to respite you during her Majesty's pleasure; I shall take the petition to London and lay it before the Home Secretary. If he favors it, as I hope, and trust, and believe he will, it will give us time to investigate this dark mystery, discover the criminal, and deliver you."

"Oh, Malcolm, do you think he will?" cried Eudora, with clasped hands.

"I shall know, dearest, in twenty-four hours. I shall take the first train to London, that starts at ten o'clock. I came here to see you before setting out, and to implore you to trust in God, to pray to Him, and to keep up your spirits until I return."

"Will you be gone long?" asked Eudora, still clinging to his hands.

"Two or three days, perhaps; but I will write to you by every mail, and telegraph you the moment I get a favorable answer."

"Oh, may God speed your errand!" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands.

"Amen. And now, dear one, I have but twenty minutes to catch the train. Eudora, in parting with you for a short time, I would recommend you to see the chaplain of the prison. He is a truly righteous man, and his conversation will do you good."

"I will see him, if only to please you," she answered.

"And, now, dear one, good-bye for the present, and may the father of the fatherless, and the God of the innocent, watch over you?" said Malcolm, lifting her hands to his lips with reverential tenderness before leaving the cell.

Half an hour later Malcolm, with the petition in his pocket, was steaming onward in the express train for London.

It was soon known throughout the town that Mr. Montrose had gone to the city with a memorial to the Crown for a respite or commutation of Eudora Leaton's sentence; but not one human being that discussed the subject believed for one instant that his desperate enterprize could possibly be successful.

The chaplain of the goal was the Reverend William Goodall, a grave, gentle, sympathetic young man, who greatly feared that the youthful prisoner was really guilty, and earnestly desired to bring her into a state of hopeful penitence.

With this view, early in the afternoon, he visited Eudora in her cell, and sought by every argument to counteract the effect of that false hope which had been raised in her breast, and which he firmly believed was the only thing that withheld her from repentance and confession.

But to all his exhortations the unhappy girl responded:

"Oh, sir, this one little hope is the only vital nerve that quivers in my bosom; kill it, and you destroy me, even before the appointed death-day! Oh, Mr. Goodall, leave me this little hope!"

"But, my poor child," said the young minister, gazing with the deepest compassion upon the almost infantile face of the girl, "it is false, delusive expectation, that is luring you on to certain and everlasting destruction of soul as well as body, by keeping you from that full confession and repentance which is your only chance of salvation."

"But it does not, Mr. Goodall. I have nothing to confess or repent; at least, nothing but my common share in erring human nature; and for redemption from that I have been taught to trust in God's mercy through our Saviour."

The young minister groaned in spirit as he replied:

"But, poor, blind child, while you keep a guilty secret in your breast, that mercy cannot reach you; and while a single hope of life is left you here, you will not part with that secret. Abandon all such delusive hopes, Eudora; confess, repent, and cherish these heavenly hopes of pardon and redemption that never yet deceived a penitent sinner."

"It is useless for us to talk longer, I fear; we speak only at cross-purposes. You believe me guilty, and urge me to abandon all the expectations of mercy in this world, and to confess crimes that I never committed; while I know that I am innocent, and upon that knowledge found all my anticipations of deliverance. I am sorry that we cannot agree; for I *do* need religious consolation and support, but it must be administered by one who is a sufficiently subtle 'discerner of spirits' to recognize the truth when I speak it," said Eudora, with gentle dignity.

The young minister drove his fingers through his dark hair, and gathered his brows into a deep frown, not of anger, but of intense perplexity; for the clear, unflinching gaze of her eyes, the calm, unwavering tones of her voice, and the keen and powerful aura of truth that seemed to emanate from her whole presence shook his convictions of her guilt. He felt the necessity of withdrawing from this disturbing influence in order to examine his own conscience. Rising, he took her hand, and said:

"My poor child, I will leave you for the present; but I shall not cease to bear you upon my heart to the Throne of Grace, and I will come to you again in the evening."

And then he left the cell.

Eudora clung to her little hope as the young cling to life. She had called it the only vital nerve that quivered in her bosom. Yet it would be scarcely true to say that she was the happier for it.

The days of Malcolm's absence were passed by her in a high fever of suspense. By every mail she received letters from him assuring her of his undying devotion and zealous efforts in her behalf, and entreating her still to pray and to trust.

The chaplain also kept his word, and visited her frequently, still exhorting her, with tearful earnestness, to resign all expectations of earthly life, and to turn her thoughts towards heaven. But still Eudora clung with death-like tenacity to her hopes of deliverance.

"You think that I am sinking fast in this stormy sea of trouble that threatens to overwhelm me, and you ask me to let go the slender plank that keeps me up, and to resign myself to death—but I will not! I will cling to this plank of life! I will not let it go! I will grasp it—I will possess it—it shall save me!" was still Eudora's answer to all the young minister's fervent exhortations.

"Ah, well! I see it is in vain to reason with you in your present mood of mind. You still insanely hope against hope. But when Mr. Montrose returns without the respite you expect, and you feel that your fate in this world is sealed, when death stares you in the face, you will listen to my counsels, disburden your bosom of its guilty secret, and give your soul to repentance," was ever the minister's final reply when he concluded each visit.

Alas! these interviews were productive of little satisfaction to either party.

Eudora could derive no comfort from the conversation of even a good minister, who founded all his exhortations upon the mistaken theory of her guilt; and Mr. Goodall almost despaired of benefitting one whom he considered an obstinate sinner, wickedly refusing to confess and repent.

But as the weary days passed, Eudora felt more keenly the protracted anguish of suspense, and the increasing difficulty of holding fast the little hope that sustained her; for, although Malcolm continued to write to her by every mail, and in every letter endeavored to keep up her courage, yet he gave her no definite information. His stay was protracted from day to day, as though he were engaged in prosecuting an almost desperate enterprise which he was resolved to accomplish.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She looked how pallid there!
Not starting, sighing, weeping now;
The quiet anguish of her brow
  Was written by Despair.
Ah me! despite a governed breast,
Seeming the while in placid rest,
  What anguish soul may bear!
MICHELL.

When Malcolm had been gone a week, and Eudora's life was almost worn out by the long-drawn anguish of hope deferred, she was sitting in the morning in her cell, in danger of dropping once more into the death-like torpor of despair, when the door was opened by the governor, who announced:

"A friend to see Miss Leaton," and retired.

Eudora sprang forward, expecting to meet Malcolm Montrose, but she found herself confronted with a stranger—a very young, slight, graceful girl, dressed in simple but elegant mourning, and deeply veiled; and even when the stranger threw aside her veil Eudora failed to recognize in this elegantly-dressed young lady Annella Wilder, the tipsy captain's half-starved daughter, whom she had befriended in the poor London lodgings.

"You do not know me, Miss Miller—I mean Miss Leaton—and I—oh!" began Annella, but losing her self-command, she burst into tears, and threw herself in the arms of Eudora, who, weakened by long, intense suffering, sat down in her chair, and would have drawn the girl to her bosom, but Annella sank to the floor, and dropped her head on Eudora's lap, sobbing violently.

Miss Leaton could not understand this excessive emotion. She recollected Annella's unfortunate barrack education, her utter destitution after her father's death, and her wild flight from London; and seeing now the costliness of her attire, and being totally ignorant of the change in her circumstances, the mind of Eudora was filled with the darkest fears for Annella. But if she should find that this young, friendless, and inexperienced girl had really come to grief, Eudora resolved to befriend her as far as possible by interesting the noble-hearted Malcolm in her fate to save her from irremediable ruin. While these thoughts coursed through the young prisoner's mind, she gently untied her visitor's bonnet and laid it on the bed, and softly caressed the bowed head, while she inquired, in a low voice:

"What is the matter, dear Annella? I am not so utterly bewildered by my own wo but that I may be able to comfort you. Tell me what trouble you are in, and if I cannot help you very long myself, because I may have to die next Wednesday, I can leave you to one who will be a brother to you for my sake."

"Oh, Miss Leaton, Miss Leaton, say no more! Every word you speak goes through my heart like a spear!" cried Annella, breaking into harder sobs.

"No, no, don't say so! I wish only to do you good. Tell me the nature of the difficulty you are in," said Eudora, gently caressing the weeping girl.

"Oh! I am in no difficulty myself; it is all right enough with me personally, and far better than I deserve, Heaven forgive me! And even if it were not, how could I think of my good-for-nothing self while you are in such terrible straits!" cried Annella, wildly sobbing.

"Then do not weep for me, kind girl; it can do no good, you see."

"Oh, but you don't know how much reason I have to weep—yes, tears of blood, Eudora; for it was I that did it! I! I!"

"*You?*——did what?" asked Eudora, in astonishment.

"Betrayed you, as Judas did his master, wretch that I am! I wish *I* was hung!" cried Annella, amid choking sobs.

"You?——betrayed me? I do not understand you in the least."

"I set the police on your track, mean scamp that I am! I told them where to find you! I gave you up! Oh! if there is any marrying down below, they ought to wed me to Judas Iscariot!"

"But—how could you have known that I was Eudora Leaton of whom they were in pursuit?" inquired the deeply-shocked girl.

"I *didn't* know it! I was not so irredeemably bad as *that* either! Perhaps even Judas did not know all the evil he was doing when he betrayed his Master. If I had known it I would have bit my own tongue off rather than told it. But I had to chatter about you and describe you, and tell all I knew of you, until I raised suspicion, and they went and arrested you; and that was the return you got for your kindness to me! Oh, I wish somebody would strangle me, for I am too wicked and unlucky to live!" exclaimed Annella, with streaming tears and suffocating gasps.

"But, poor girl, if you did not know what you were doing you have nothing to reproach yourself with," said Eudora, kindly stroking her bowed hair; for all this time Annella's head lay in the lap of the prisoner.

"Yes, yes, I have; conscience is the true judge, and it assures me that ignorance is no excuse; and that instinct should have taught me silence. I came here to confess this to you, Miss Leaton; to let you know how wicked I have been; but not to ask you to pardon me. I do not want you to do that; I do not wish even the Lord to do it—I would much rather be punished," exclaimed Annella, hysterically.

"Dear girl, do not talk so wildly. You have done nothing to require pardon. If you were unconsciously the means of my arrest it was not your fault."

"But if you should perish, I should feel as if I were your murderer. But you shall not perish! I hear that Mr. Montrose is in London, petitioning the Crown for a respite. I hope he will succeed; but even if he should not, mind, Miss Leaton, you shall not perish! I swear it before High Heaven!" exclaimed Annella, wiping her eyes, and looking up.

"You must believe me innocent, or you would never speak with such confidence."

"Believe! I *know* you are; and if everyone else fails, *I* will save you—I *will*, if I die for it! I pledge my soul's salvation to that!"

"Alas! poor child, look at these thick walls and heavy locks; how could you help me?"

"I do not know yet *how*, but I *do* know that I *will* somehow!—as the Lord hears me, I will!"

"I take the disposition for the deed, and thank you as much as if you were able to keep your word; and above all, I bless you that you do me the justice to believe me guiltless. Ah, dear girl, I have been so tortured by the chaplain of this prison, who thinks me guilty, and urges me to confess. It is so distressing to be thought such a monster by so good a man."

"Good, is he, and yet believes you guilty? Then he does not know a white dove from a black crow, which is tantamount to saying that his reverence is a fool, begging his pardon. But indeed most of the good people I know *are* fools. It seems as if nature were so impartial in the distribution of her gifts, that she seldom endows the same individual with both wisdom and goodness at the same time. There's my three grannies, I mean the male granny and the two female grannies, all with such good hearts, but la! such weak heads. Anybody can whirl their minds round and round as the wind does the weathercocks. La! you shall judge for yourself. At the trial, when the prosecuting attorney-general was abusing you, he carried them along with himself until they believed you to be a perfect demon of iniquity. Then, when your counsel was defending you, he carried them along with himself, until they believed you to be a persecuted cherub. Then, when the judge summed up both sides, they were equally drawn by opposite opinions, and could not make up their minds whether you were an angel or a devil. Finally, when the jury brought in their verdict, they comfortably decided that you were the latter, and so went home happy to supper and bed. La! and we are requested *always* to respect our elders!"

"Certainly, dear Annella," said Eudora, gravely.

"Wish they were always respectable, then."

"Annella, you shock me, dear; old age must be reverenced."

"Can't help it. I haven't got a particle of reverence in my composition; it is all owing to my barrack bringing up, I suppose."

"I suppose it is, poor girl; but, Annella, you seem to have found friends."

"Reckon I have; three grannies, I told you."

"Whom?"

"I'll tell you. As I was trying to make out Allworth Abbey, what do I do but fall over an old servant, half-sailor, half-valet, who caught me trespassing on private grounds, and hauled me up before his master, like a vagrant before a magistrate; and when I told my story, who does the old gent turn up to be but my own granny, who was living in that fine house, the Anchorage, with two other old ladies, also my grannies."

"The Anchorage; then you must speak of Sir Ira Brunton and his family?" said Eudora, in astonishment.

"Just. He quarrelled with my mother and father, and cast them off, but he took me in when he found me dragged over his threshold. Shall I tell you all the particulars? Would it interest you?"

"Very much, indeed," said Eudora, forgetting for the moment her own awful situation in her interest in Annella's fortunes.

The girl began and related her adventures as they are already known to the reader.

The narrative won the prisoner from the contemplation of her own sorrows, and at its close she put out her hand and took that of Annella, saying:

"I am very glad for your sake, dear."

"*But I am not*," exclaimed Annella, recurring to her cause of grief and remorse. "I had rather remained in London, and have met all that I most dreaded—the union, a vulgar task-mistress, beggary, anything, rather than have come down here to betray you. But I did not mean it, Eudora, oh, indeed I did not! I would have died rather than have brought you to this. But I did not even suspect your identity until I recognized you in the court-room, and even then I did not know that I had had any hand in your arrest until I got home that evening, and Tabitha Tabs, the lady's-maid, told me it was all my doings; that it was from my talk that they had gained the clue to your hiding-place; and oh, Eudora, I felt that she was telling the truth, and I felt as if I had been knocked down with a club, and I have been ill ever since. If I had been well, do you think I would have stayed away from you so long?"

"No, dear Annella; but I wonder you got leave to visit me at all."

"I believe you; it was very difficult. First I asked my grandfather to bring me, but he refused, and blowed me up in the bargain; then I watched my opportunity and put on my bonnet, and walked straight here, and the governor refused to admit me without an order from the sheriff; then I went and hunted up the sheriff, and asked him if he would give me an order to see you, and he roared out 'No,' as if he would have bit my head off for asking him, and then I went to the prison chaplain, and told him what a kind friend you had been to me, and what a traitor I had been to you, and how broken my heart was, and I cried, and begged and prayed him to get an order for me, and he got it from the sheriff and gave it to me, and so here I am. But I did not come for nothing, Eudora. I said you should not perish, and you shall not, as Heaven hears me," added Annella, in a low whisper, as she glanced jealously over her shoulder at Mrs. Barton, who was squeezing herself tightly into the farthest corner of the little cell, to be as far off as her office would permit.

"What is that woman waiting here for? It is very rude. Why does she not go away and leave us together?" inquired Annella, in a whisper.

"Dear, it is her duty to remain. I am not permitted to be left alone for an instant."

"Well, I suppose that is meant kindly, as you are in such deep trouble; but you are not alone now; I am with you, so she can go. Tell her to go."

"Dear, you mistake; it is not in kindness, but for security, that I am guarded in this way, and Mrs. Barton dares not leave me, even at my request."

"But I wish to talk to you privately; I don't want her to hear every word we say," exclaimed Annella, in a vehement whisper.

"But no one can be allowed to talk to me so; and she is here for the very purpose of hearing all that we have to say," replied Eudora, sorrowfully.

"But that is very hard."

"It is the invariable rule; and as it is a wise precaution, used in all cases such as mine, I cannot complain of it."

"But why is it used."

"Because, Annella, if the friends of the condemned were allowed to visit them in private, they might bring them the means of escape."

At this word Annella became very pale, and gave an hysterical sob.

"Or," continued Eudora, "what is worse, they might bring them some instrument of self-destruction, for many a prisoner would gladly seek death in the cell rather than meet the shame and anguish of——"

Her voice choked, and she shuddered throughout her frame.

"But, would you—would you, Eudora?" questioned the girl, in an eager whisper.

"I should not dread death so much if I could meet it here in my bed—even here in prison, and alone—but I would not seek it, Annella. I would never commit crime to escape suffering."

"*Hish!* can that woman hear me when I speak as low as this?" whispered Annella, close to the ear of Eudora.

"Yes, every syllable. The round stone walls of this little cell seem formed to echo every sound. She hears even this reply."

"I wish she was hung, and I don't care if she hears that."

"Hush, she is very good to me; you must not offend her, because she only does her duty."

"Please, miss, I am not offended; I would take a'most anything from any friend of yours; it's quite nat'ral as they should hate and despise me for sitting here a-keeping guard over an innocent creetur like you; sure I often hates and despises myself, and I wonder *you* don't too," said Mrs. Barton, putting her apron to her eyes, and beginning to cry.

Annella wheeled around and took a good look at the woman; then suddenly putting out her hand, she said:

"I beg your pardon—I do indeed, sincerely. I ought not to have spoken as I did; but you see I am not good, and never was, nor shall be; and when my heart bleeds, my temper burns and my tongue raves."

"No offence, miss, as I said afore; I only wonders as *she* don't mortally hate and despise me," said Mrs. Barton, wiping her eyes and sighing.

Annella, who had been gazing at Mrs. Barton with intense interest, arose with a pale face, trembling limbs, and quick and gasping breath, and approaching her, whispered:

"You called Miss Leaton innocent. You believe her to be so?"

"Yes, I do; and I would not believe otherwise if all the archbishops and all the bishops, priests, and deacons in the kingdom was to swear she is guilty, and take the sacrament on it," said the woman, earnestly.

"And therefore you must see that it is very cruel she should be doomed to suffer," said Annella, eagerly.

"It's martyr'om; that's what it is."

"Hush! listen!" continued Annella, bending low; "you would like to see her free of this place, would you not?"

"Oh, wouldn't I though! Sure, I pray for her deliverance every night and morning on my knees," sobbed Mrs. Barton.

"And—you would help her to escape, if a good plan was laid, and it was all safe for you?" inquired Annella, in a low, breathless whisper.

"Eh?"

"If you could do it safely, without endangering yourself, you would connive at her escape, would you not?"

"Eh? What? I don't understand you; but I would do anythink in the world I could for her. Sure, she knows that without my telling her."

"Well, then, listen! But stop—what hours do you watch with her?"

"From six to twelve in the morning, and then from six to twelve at night."

"Very well; no, if I were to come again to-morrow morning while you have the watch, couldn't you contrive to turn your back and shut your eyes and pretend to drop asleep while I change clothes with her, and let her walk out closely vailed in my place?"

"Eh! What! No, miss."

"But why?"

"Lawk, miss, I dar'n't."

"Oh, you need not be afraid of consequences; there would be no danger to you. You might be suspected, but you could not be convicted, for no one on earth could prove that, overcome by fatigue, you didn't fall asleep; and so the worse that could befall you would be the loss of your place—for I do suppose they would not keep a female warder who was addicted to falling asleep on her watch. But, Mrs. Barton, any loss you might sustain should be made up to you a hundredfold."

"'Taint that, miss; I aint afeared of nothink but doing wrong. I dar'n't let her escape."

"But it would be a meritorious act, helping the innocent to evade unmerited death."

"So it would, miss, under some circumstances; but, you see, when I took this place, I pledged myself to obey the laws, and to watch over the safe custody of the prisoners under my charge. And so I dar'n't break my word, or betray my trust, miss—no, not even to save her precious life, as it melts my heart to see her suffer so," said Mrs. Barton, putting her apron up to her face, and beginning to cry again.

"Not if I was to offer you five hundred pounds—a thousand pounds?"

"Not if so be as you were to offer me ten thousand, miss," sobbed the woman.

"Look at Eudora, then; if you won't let her go, only look at her," said Annella, artfully.

Mrs. Barton dropped her apron, and turned her eyes towards the prisoner, who sat upon the side of her bed, with her head bent forward, her cheeks flushed, her lips apart, her eyes strained outward, and her hands clasped and extended in mute, eloquent appeal for freedom.

"I can't look at her; it cleaves my heart in two, it does!" sobbed Mrs. Barton, covering her face again.

With a sudden impulse, Eudora started forward, and clasped the hand of her warder, exclaiming:

"Oh, listen to her! Listen to my friend! Give me leave to get away if I can; give me this one *little* chance of life. Think—I have got but one week to live; one short week, and then I am to die such a horrible death! Oh, pity me! let me go!"

"Oh, this is dreadful—dreadful! I would do anything in the world for you, poor child; but I dar'n't do this—I dar'n't betray my trust, replied Mrs. Barton, wildly weeping.

"Suppose I was your own child, you would let me go—you would risk your soul's salvation to free me; or, if I had a mother, she would move heaven and earth to save me—but I am motherless. Oh, pity me as if I were your child, and let me go!"

"I dar'n't; Lord help me, I dar'n't. And even if I did, poor dear, it wouldn't save you; you'd be known and tuk up again afore you got outside of the prison gates. Lawk, yes; afore you even got to the head o' the stairs o' this very ward; and then your case would be worse nor it is now."

"It *could not* be worse; and if the chance is ever so small, still it *is* one. Oh, give me this little, little chance of life! I do not deserve to die this horrible death."

"I'd rather die this minute myself than refuse you. I mustn't be a traitor. Sure, you wouldn't have me go agin my conscience?"

Without another word Eudora turned and sat down on the bed, dropped her clasped hands upon her lap, her pale face upon her breast, and sat in an attitude and expression of blended shame and resignation.

"How could you be so hard-hearted and cruel?" exclaimed Annella.

"I'm not so, miss; contrariwise, it a'most breaks my heart to refuse her, but even so I must do my duty," sobbed Mrs. Barton, with her apron once more at her eyes.

"Oh, bother your duty," exclaimed Annella, with indignant vehemence. "That word is as good as a dose of tartar-emetic to me, for I do believe there is more sin committed in the name of duty than ever has been perpetrated at the instigation of any devil in Pandemonium from Moloch down. I am not as old as the north star, but even I have noticed all my life, when anyone is going to do anything so abominably wicked or shamefully mean that Satan himself would blush to own it, they father it upon duty."

"Well, duty is not the less sacred nor incumbent upon us on that account. Many ill deeds have been done in the name of the Most High, but we do not, for that, worship the Divine name the less," said Eudora, reverently.

"Oh, miss, I hopes you do not think as I am a hypocrite as acts wicked an' mean in the presence of duty?" asked Mrs. Barton, still sobbing.

"No, I am sure you acted conscientiously in refusing to aid my escape. It was I who did wrong. I ought not to have made such an appeal to you, or worked upon your feelings, or tempted your fidelity. But I was carried away by my emotions—I forgot myself—I acted upon the impulse of the moment. The temptation was so strong—death seemed so bitter, life so sweet," said Eudora, with a deep sigh.

"Oh, how can you be so cruel as still to refuse to let her go? Even supposing it would be wrong, you might do a *little* wrong for mercy's sake, and to save her from perishing," pleaded Annella.

"Do not tempt her farther, dear. God is omnipotent; if He wills He can deliver me, but to tempt His creatures is no way to gain His favor," said Eudora.

"That's it, miss; do right, and trust in Him as can save even at the eleventh hour," commented Mrs. Barton, wiping her eyes. "And now listen; I hear the other warder coming. Don't attempt to talk to her as you have to me, for *she* would think it *her* place to report the conversation to the governor."

At this moment, without an instant's warning, the door was unlocked, Mrs. Barton peremptorily called out, and her substitute admitted.

The new-comer was a stern, "grim-visaged" woman, who took her seat with the stolid indifference of one long hardened to her cruel office.

Annella, not daring, for Eudora's sake, to speak freely before this she-dragon, yet had not the heart to take leave of her unhappy friend. She sat down beside her on the cot, and silently took and held her hand. She remained as long as she possibly could do so, and then, in parting, promised to re-visit Eudora, if permitted, the next day.

With the departure of the wild, but true-hearted girl, a sunbeam seemed to have been withdrawn from the cell.

During her visit, Eudora's agonizing consciousness of her situation had been suspended, or modified.

Nature, indeed, the most tender of mothers, never permits her children to endure a long-continued strain of suffering, whether of mind or body. She makes the tortured victim faint upon the rack, and in unconsciousness lose the sense of physical agony. She gives the mourner long intervals of stupor, distraction or hope, to alleviate the effect of mental anguish.

Such a blessing had come to Eudora with the entrance of Annella, but had gone with her exit. After the departure of her visitor, all the full realization of her dreadful position rushed back upon the mind of Eudora, and overwhelmed her, and she sank upon the bed in the collapse of despair.

She had not remained thus many minutes before the door was once more unlocked, another "friend to see Miss Leaton" announced, and Malcolm Montrose entered the cell.

Forgetting everything else, Eudora started up and sprang towards him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Malcolm, have you come at last? What a weary, weary time you have been away! God bless you, I am so glad to see you! But, oh, Malcolm! will they let me live? Quick, tell me if they will!"

He could not answer her; he pressed her hand with an unconsciously cruel force, while he turned away his face in silent misery.

She looked at him in sudden terror, and in the written agony of his brow she read the truth. Her beating heart grew still as death; her flushed cheek turned pale as marble, and she sank upon her seat and covered her face with her hands.

He sat down by her side, took one of her hands within his own, and essayed to speak; but his voice refused its office.

Then, with that wonderful strength which comes even to the weakest woman in the direst distress, she controlled her own agitation, and wishing to save him the pain of announcing the fatal intelligence, she quietly said:

"I am to die."

He pressed her hand in mute despair, and not another word was spoken between them. They sat with clasped hands side by side, until the hour of closing the prison separated them. Then, in taking leave, Malcolm, with a broken voice, faltered forth:

"I will see you again to-morrow."

She answered:

"Come."

And so they parted.

That evening it was known throughout the town that the petition for a respite or commutation of Eudora Leaton's sentence had been rejected; that all hope of saving her life was abandoned, and that the execution appointed for Wednesday morning would certainly proceed.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

WHEN children are allowed to cry until their strength is exhausted, they sink into long and unwholesome sleep. It should be remembered that these violent efforts to gain relief equally spoil their temper and disorder their constitution; and that when a child's turbulent passions are so early awakened and exercised, there is reason to fear they will materially influence its future character.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

With solemn steps I often tread
The chambers of the past,
While happy, blissful memories
Their sunbeams round me cast;
And as I on the pictures gaze,
Which deck the dim old walls,
Upon my weary stricken heart
A ray of glory falls;
And as a diver brings to view
The jewels of the sea,
So Memory from out her waves
Her treasures brings to me.

There is *one* picture pure and holy,
So free from worldly taint,
That words and language are too weak
Its holiness to paint;
'Tis the picture of my mother,
Further on she could not roam,
The angels missed her from their band,
And so they called her home.
A golden harp is in her hand,
Pure joys to her are given,
She is waiting now to welcome me
Within the gates of heaven.

* * *

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"A secret
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens but 'tis out."
BEN JONSON.

A clucking hen, conscious of the honors of coming maternity, and about to lay her first egg, could not have assumed greater airs of importance than Mrs. Page's maid-of-all-work. Her mind—for the poor honest drudge either possessed such a thing, or something so like it that, in the limited sphere of her intelligence, it answered the purpose of one nearly as well—was evidently brooding over some important fact. Her mistress ascribed it either to the postman or the butcher's boy: this time, however, she was wrong. Hannah's mysterious starts and oracular looks had no connection with the tender passion.

The morning after Captain Riddle's visit to Mr. Arnold, Mrs. Page found her standing in the centre of the drawing-room, leaning on the handle of the carpet broom, in a fit of profound meditation.

There is a limit to human patience. The room, in lodging-house phrase, ought to have been done at least an hour before. The culprit took no notice of her mistress's appearance. It required the sound of her voice to rouse her. *No fit of abstraction could have resisted that.*

"Are the girl's wits wool-gathering?" exclaimed the landlady, angrily.

Hannah started, gave a sort of giggle which, had she been a young lady, in all probability would have been pronounced hysterical, and resumed her work.

At dinner, things were worse; the fowl intended for the first floor almost burnt to a cinder. Nothing less artistic than Mrs. Page's skill in toning down the Rembrandt hues of the carboned flesh with oyster sauce, and relieving them again by a violent contrast of parsley, could have made it presentable.

Tea passed off tolerably well, but at supper-time the trials were renewed.

Affairs continued in this state for two days, and the mistress of the house pronounced herself at her wits' end. Fortunately, she had only her first floor and Harry to attend to, Telbin having been removed to the dairy at Islington, where his sister passed the greater portion of the day, returning in the evening to sleep—a concession to propriety which her prudent landlady insisted upon.

The night before the Amazon was to sail was destined to prove an eventful one to several of the personages of our tale. Captain Riddle was to call for his forged notes on the Bank of Lombardy; Tom, to give a supper to the clerks in his office at the Treasury; and our hero to assist him in doing the honors on the occasion.

As, in all probability, it would be late before they separated, Clara would have to return home alone—an arrangement her lover very naturally objected to.

"And easily avoided," replied Harold, when he heard it; "Mrs. Page and Harry, I am certain, will be happy to come for her."

The suggestion appeared a satisfactory one, and the young man called at Princess street in the morning to make the request, which was at once acceded to.

"Has the person Hannah described called again?" inquired our hero, anxiously; for a secret foreboding, a vague consciousness of impending misfortune, despite his reason, oppressed him.

"No one has called," replied the mistress of the house, whose mind was more impressed with the recollection of her servant's irritating neglect of household duties, than curiosity to ascertain the cause—not that she lacked the latter quality. "The girl is mad—love has turned her brain! I wish there were neither postmen nor butcher-boys in the world, nor maids-of-all-work—all-play would be a better name—either. You can't imagine the trouble I have with her."

"Thank you," said Tom; "you will not be later than nine."

Nine suited very well; the first floor would have tea'd by that time.

Harry, who had not seen Telbin for three days, expressed himself delighted at the arrangement; he had attached himself to the poor dwarf, who, capricious and wayward to others, returned the feeling, and was gentle as a child with him.

Leaving his friend Tom and cousin together, Harold Mansell descended to pass a few minutes in the picture shop with Bianca.

The grave beauty of the fair Italian became lit with a sunny smile, bright as one of her own Claudes, when she beheld him. Her lover thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. Her long residence in England, free from the passions and *examples* of the South, had exercised a healthy influence in forming the mind and character of the exile's daughter; it had toned down the impetuous feelings of her race, heightened her perceptions of moral beauty, and taught her that love had no surer foundation than respect, honor, and truthfulness. Had our hero failed in any one of these high qualities, although the pang would have been a severe one, Bianca would have torn his image from her heart, and cast it like a broken idol from her memory for ever.

Her love for him was deep and pure as the waters of a well whose surface remains unruffled by the winds that sport with the shallow stream, one moment startling into ripples, the next lashing it into waves.

"Bianca," said Harold, as soon as the first words of endearment had passed, "I have refused independence, I may add wealth."

"*On my account?*" demanded the young girl, fixing her dark eyes searchingly upon him.

"On your account?" repeated her lover, with surprise. "What a singular supposition! But you do not mean it. On your account? No; had it been the case, think you I should have been vain, weak enough to have named it to you? You must know me better. I were unworthy of your love," he added, "could I imagine earth contained a treasure to be weighed in the balance against it."

"I know it," answered the girl, resuming her happy smile.

"And yet you tried me?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"For the same reason," answered the Italian, blushingly, "that you sometimes importune me to repeat the words, 'I love you.' You do not doubt it, Harold, and yet you feel a pleasure in listening to the assurance. It is the heart's weakness, and in our sex must not be judged too harshly.

"Neither do I doubt you," she continued, fervently; "you possess too fine a sense of delicacy to humiliate the woman you love, by counting one single loss that love entails."

The proud girl was right: love is not love when conscious of the sacrifice it has made.

It must have been a cold heart not to have bounded at such a confession from such lips. As the honied words fell on his ears, our hero felt that intense happiness which arises from the conviction of being truly, fondly loved. Thought could not measure his gratitude, or words express it. He stood for an instant clasping the hand of Bianca in his, listening to her soul-entrancing eloquence in dreamy, pleasing transport.

Ah, youth! glorious youth! But why regret it? Those who have had their day can find in the past many spots and shady nooks in which memory may muse, oblivious of the barren present; they must have lived to little purpose else, and merit our pity or reproaches—sometimes both.

"The offer I alluded to," said Harold Mansell, "came from the singular relative you have heard me speak of—Mr. Imray. He called upon me yesterday after banking hours, and proposed that I should quit my employment with Sir Jasper."

"To reside with him?"

"No; that, he observed, would be too lonely. He stated that he had discovered my unfitness for the trade of money making—the old man was right there—and stated his willingness to provide for me. The offer was a tempting one," added her lover, "especially when I thought of you, and the train of delightful visions that followed; but I declined it."

"Was that wise?" asked Bianca.

"At least it was independent," replied her lover. "There are many points in Mr. Imray's character—his truthfulness, scorn of hypocrisy and pretension—that I like; much in his fate that I pity; but he is suspicious. The world has taught him a hard lesson, and he judges it as hardly. Besides, there is something in his conduct to my cousin Harry—a heartlessness, to designate it by no harsher name, that I cannot get over. I should have felt like a slave dependent on the bounty of that man; and yet he strongly tempted me."

"Think of his offers no more," said the Italian. "We are both young—far too young to think of marriage yet," she added, modestly. "Time brings as many changes as hours."

"Not in the heart," observed our hero, eagerly.

"Not in ours," answered the fair girl, with a smile. "I am glad," she continued, after a pause, "that you decided as you have done. I love the energy which trusts to no man's help, depends only on itself, carves its own fortune, makes its occasions instead of waiting on them. There is something of the old spirit of my race within me, and were I a man, I would look destiny steadfastly in the face, smile or frown at it as it used me, but pursue it with unconquerable will."

"I thought I said ten minutes," exclaimed Harold Mansell, as his friend made his appearance in the shop of the picture-dealer.

"Well," observed Tom, "I did not think you would reproach me for keeping you waiting. Not very gallant of him, is it, Bianca?"

"Waiting!" repeated our hero.

The lover of Clara drew forth his watch, and held it with an arch smile in the face of his friend, who found, to his astonishment, that more than an hour had elapsed.

Time never flies so quickly as when we are with those we love.

On quitting Princess street the young men proceeded to visit Adam Hayes, whom they found progressing favorably. We do not well see how he could do otherwise, with the pretty Susan for his nurse, and Hope for his physician. As for the old baker, he was in the seventh heaven of delight—talked of retiring from business, taking a cottage at Clapham, where the young people might visit him, at which his daughter shook her head, but not very decidedly.

"I trust," observed Harold, as they were talking together in the little parlor, after quitting the room of the invalid, "that the scar upon Adam's forehead will not ultimately disfigure him."

"Disfigure him!" repeated Susan, half-angrily; "if I never thought my cousin handsome before, I consider him so now, since he has received it."

"You may take the cottage, Mr. Brown," observed our hero, laughingly.

"To be sure I may," exclaimed the old man, joyously; "it is all as good as settled; Susan is too good a girl to play fast and loose with her promise to Adam."

"And Adam too noble a fellow to merit so cruel a disappointment," added Tom Mayfield; "a princess might be proud of the love of such a man. I feel already towards him as if he were the friend of years instead of a few days.

"As for Clara," he added, "she raves of his gallantry and courage. I should almost feel jealous of him," he added, "but for his devotion to you. Nothing can break that spell, so I feel quite secure. It is on his heart, his soul."

"To be sure it is," said the baker, with a chuckle, "*in the very crumb of him.* Don't blush, girl; there is nothing to be ashamed of in the affection of an honest man."

It was not shame, but pleasure at hearing her cousin praised, which called the roseate hue to the cheek of the pretty Susan.

Oh, this love! it works strange changes in us! A few weeks had made the simple rustic from Lowelstree poetical, not only in his feelings, but the mode of expressing them.

That same evening Mrs. Page, whilst dressing for her visit to Islington, was startled by a knock at her chamber door.

"Who's there?" she demanded, sharply.

"It's I, mum—Hannah."

"Well, what do you want?"

"To come in, mum."

"You can't, I'm dressing."

"Please, missus, I must," replied the maid-of all-work; "it's most *peticular*."

There are mysteries at all ages, and few women of fifty care to be observed at their toilette. Hannah, from whom, in reality, her mistress had but very few secrets, discreetly gave her time to put out of sight certain tell-tale evidence in the shape of artificial curls scientifically attached to side-combs, and fix her best front teeth, before she rapped again.

"Well, what is it?" exclaimed the landlady, opening the door at last.

The intruder, without making a reply, walked in and threw herself into a chair.

"Don't make an idiot of yourself, Hannah!" said her mistress, angrily.

"I aint a-goin', mum; neither am I a-goin' to be left alone in the house to be murdered!"

"Murdered!"

"By the first floor," added the maid-of-all-work, with a look of horror. "He has got pistols. I've found out all about him."

For years, despite the regularity of his payments, Mrs. Page had entertained a dim suspicion that there was something mysterious in the goings-on of her respectable, soft-spoken lodger; and the words "pistols" and "murder" startled, without greatly alarming her. Not knowing what Hannah might have discovered, she turned the key in the lock of the bed-room door.

"What have you to tell me?" she whispered. "Speak low."

"No fear, mum, of any one a-hearin' anythink that's said in *this* room," observed the girl. "The walls is really walls, not *petitions*"—we presume she meant partitions—"like the back parlor and first floor."

"Don't keep me in suspense," said her mistress, beginning to feel a little nervous.

"I won't. You recollect what I told you about the man that was so like the picture in Mr. Islip's room?"

"Yes, yes."

"And who is to call agin to-night?"

"Perfectly."

"But I didn't tell you," whispered the maid-of-all-work, forgetting her lately-expressed confidence in the thickness of the walls, "what he is a-comin' for."

"Hannah!" said her mistress, in a tone of virtuous indignation, "you have been listening."

"Oh! missus, missus!"

"How else could you have known what the gentleman is coming for? Mr. Arnold did not tell you, I presume?"

"No, mum, I heard it promiscuously; the carpet at the head of the first-floor stairs will ruck, never was such stairs. *I've seen you on your knees offen and offen, a-tryin' to fix it!* but in course I never thought as *you* wor a listenin'. You wouldn't bemean yourself to sich a thing!"

"I should hope not," replied Mrs. Page, coloring slightly.

"Well, mum, the night that 'orrid man came, the carpet wor worse nor ever, and, knowen how perticular you are, I went down on my knees to put it right, and heard it settled that the feller was to come for two hundred pounds in bank-notes to-night."

"Mr. Arnold, I suppose, owes him the money."

"*Forged ones!*" gasped the maid-of-all-work. "He is to give him fifty sovereigns for 'em, and I heard the first floor say they could hang each other."

Her mistress was a woman of strong nerve, but even her equanimity was shaken at the dreadful word "forgery!" and she trembled violently. There was no reason to suppose her informant mistaken, and less, if possible, that she had purposely deceived her. Hannah could have no motive for inventing a lie; the wretched first-floor lodger had been uncommonly liberal to her—ever ready to excuse her faults—kind and soft-spoken, as, indeed, he generally was to all he came in contact with. A forger! at a time when the crime was invariably followed by the penalty of death! The idea inspired far more terror than at the present day. Robson, Redpath, Watts, so many great men have lately fallen into it, that the offence has been partially condoned, as far as society is concerned, by the morbid interest it excites.

There was some influence in the rope after all; not that we approve of the extreme penalty of the law for forgery—in fact, for no offence short of murder; but the scaffold vulgarized the offence, and deprived its heroes of all mawkish sympathy. The love of the æsthetic is carried too far when we perceive it in crime.

"So, mum, you see I darn't remain in the place alone with him," said the maid-of-all-work. "I should screech if he ringed for me."

Knowing the excitable nature of the girl, Mrs. Page, thought it very likely, and if a murder really should take place, or, what would be nearly as bad, one of her lodgers get hanged, the reputation of her house would be ruined forever.

"Of course not," said her mistress, "it would be unreasonable to ask such a thing."

"Very unreasonable, mum; but I'll do anything else. Shall I run for the police?"

"No," answered the landlady, in a very decided tone. "Bad as he is, he has been an excellent lodger to me, paid his bills regularly, and never forgot you, Hannah. I should not like him to be—to be taken here. You understand?"

"Good gracious! no, mum! what would they do to him?"

"You heard him say himself—hang him," said the landlady.

The heart of the hard-working drudge was touched at the recollection of the beautiful plum-colored "gownd," and various other articles of finery the first floor had given her.

"And after all," added the speaker, "you may be mistaken."

She had not the faintest hope that such was the case, but thought it best to place the motives of the conduct she had determined to pursue, upon that footing.

Hannah groaned and shook her head—*finesse* was a stretch beyond her intellect.

"You and Mr. Islip," said her mistress, "shall go for Clara."

"And leave you alone with him?"

"I have nothing to fear!"

"I won't budge an inch!" exclaimed the girl; "if you stays, I stays. What would you say to me when I came back, if I found you with your throat cut?"

"Very little indeed, Hannah."

"Or a dadger in your 'art. I ha' heerd o' sich things, and read on 'em too."

Although Mrs. Page began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable at the suggestion, she repressed her fears, and with some difficulty prevailed upon the ignorant but faithful creature to take her place in the hackney-coach, and accompany Harry to Islington.

"I shall keep the street door ajar, and remain in the little front parlor," she observed, "till Bianca and her father come."

"Better stand on the steps, missus, and talk to the first neighbor as passes."

The suggestion was not a bad one, and Mrs. Page promised to comply with it.

After a hundred cautions, and exacting as many promises from the maid-of-all-work not to breathe a word of the fearful discovery either to Harry or Clara, the landlady saw her depart. A feeling of terror crept over her as the hackney-coach drove away.

Fortunately, Mr. Arnold had already taken tea, or she could not have answered for her nerves, which proved tolerably steady when Captain Riddle presented himself, and inquired after her lodger up stairs. "First floor, sir!" she replied. "Excuse my showing you the way; but that stupid servant of mine—never was woman so plagued with one—ought to have been back an hour since. There is a light upon the landing," she added.

"All right," said the ruffian, attempting to chuck her under the chin.

Mrs. Page uttered an involuntary scream, and drew back.

"Oh, no offence. We sailors can't resist the petticoats. Shouldn't mind sailing in the sea of matrimony, or any other sea, under your flag."

The landlady assured him indignantly that she had not the slightest desire of engaging him in her service.

"Umph! aint handsome enough, mayhap," muttered the captain, as he entered the passage and stalked up stairs.

His business with the first-floor lodger did not detain him long; in a very few minutes he descended, and hailing a coach that had been waiting for him at the bottom of the street, drove off with the air of a man whose work was not finished yet.

Neither was it; and yet he expected to lift anchor and sail in the morning.

It was a great relief to Mrs. Page when she saw him depart. The arrival of Bianca and her father, with one or two neighbors, whom she invited to walk in, added to her courage, and she proceeded to put the project she had formed into execution.

Leaving the door of the little parlor, where they were seated, open, she walked up stairs and tapped gently at the door of the drawing-room.

"Come in," said the soft, quiet Mr. Arnold. "Ah! is it you?" he added, when he recognized his visitor. "This is an unusual pleasure."

"The circumstances are unusual," answered the landlady, drily.

The gentleman raised his eyes from the newspaper and regarded her earnestly.

"It is not often that I have to request a lodger to quit my apartments."

"Quit them!" repeated the first floor, in his usual mellifluous tone.

"Quit them, sir; I believe that's English," said Mrs. Page. "The fact is, I neither like your visitors nor the *business* you carry on here."

Mr. Arnold turned very pale.

"It isn't respectable, nor safe—now, don't stir! I know you have pistols in the closet, besides a knife and sword; but if you quit your chair, I call for assistance. I have plenty of friends below," she added, significantly.

For several instants neither of the speakers uttered a word; thick drops of perspiration stood upon the brow of the forger, who already, in imagination, felt a most uncomfortable choking sensation about the throat.

"And are they, the friends you speak of," he demanded, with forced calmness, "aware of your visit to me?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Arnold," was the reply, "*but not the cause.* I shall only declare that if driven to it, in self-defence; not that you have any reason to harm me. I never injured you; nor ever will; you have been an excellent lodger to me—paid my bills in good and lawful coin."

"And how long do you give me to depart?"

"Half an hour."

"Less will do," muttered the guilty man. "I understand you; though how you have discovered my fatal secret baffles my penetration. That sailor-dog, I suppose, betrayed me, and yet dares not. We——"

"*Could hang each other*," said Mrs. Page, finishing the sentence for him. "I know it. Now do go. Think what a dreadful thing it would be to have you taken here!"

"Those who attempt to take me," muttered the forger, must hold their lives cheaply. I will send for my things in the morning. You will find, when I am gone, sufficient to pay yourself, *in gold*, upon the table."

With a sigh, denoting how greatly she felt relieved that the affair had passed so quietly, the landlady descended to her friends in the front parlor. A few minutes afterwards a light step was heard in the passage, and her dangerous lodger had quitted the house for ever.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated the agitated woman, involuntarily.

"For what particular blessing?" demanded Bianca, laughingly.

"For many things, my love," answered Mrs. Page, evasively; "dangers seen and unseen. I am glad you are all here; I should have felt quite nervous left in the house alone."

"You forget your first floor," observed one of her visitors. A second added that he had just gone out.

"Well, I thought I heard a step," exclaimed the landlady, with well-acted surprise. "I will just step into the drawing-room and see that he has left the fire-guard up; men are so careless."

"Not Mr. Arnold, surely," said the fair Italian; "why, you used to swear by him."

"It's a bad world, child," answered Mrs. Page, "and the fewer we praise in it the better."

With this philosophical reflection she mounted a second time to the apartment of her late lodger; the lamp was still burning upon the table, and the room empty.

"Gone!" she murmured. "I've done my duty. I hope he may repent."

Her agitation did not prevent her glancing on the table to ascertain whether her lodger had forgotten his promise. Her eyes fell upon a pile of glittering gold.

To the day of her death no one ever knew the amount of the last bill her quiet, regular lodger paid her.

The only secret, perhaps, his landlady ever kept.

Hour after hour passed without the return of Clara, Hannah, or Harry. Mrs. Page could endure the suspense no longer, but, sending for a coach, decided upon going to Islington in search of them.

At her earnest entreaty, the picture-dealer and his daughter accompanied her.

"What will Harold say if any danger has befallen his cousin?" exclaimed Bianca.

"What will—my heart feel," sobbed the landlady, "if any harm has happened to Clara?"

On their arrival at the dairy, they learned that the poor girl and her companions had left three hours before. Tom, who had just returned, uttered not a word, but, with desperation in his looks, started off to consult, as usual, with his friend Harold.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

> For aught that I
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth.
> SHAKSPEARE.

"Will this strange tale of crime and persecution never end?" exclaimed our hero, when he heard the new misfortune which had crossed the happiness of his friend. "It is not Clara who is aimed at this time, but Harry—my poor cousin Harry. I have been careless, unguarded; his enemies have found him. It must have been that villain Riddle, whom Hannah recognized by his portrait."

"His visit to Mr. Arnold——"

"A pretence," interrupted Harold; "an excuse to obtain admission into the house. No harm, I feel assured, can be intended to Clara; my cousin has not forgotten the lesson he received. Besides, he has too much of the butterfly in his composition to be capable of constancy, even in villainy. Rest satisfied that she will be restored to us. I think I may venture to promise that."

"Rest," repeated her lover; "a word easy to utter, but how difficult to practice! I will seek Captain Mansell."

"It will be useless. It is his father, Sir Jasper, who possesses the key to the mystery," replied his friend. "Have you forgotten the scheme of sending Harry to sea? the plan you so cleverly baffled? My uncle is not the man to abandon any purpose he has once formed. I will see him in the morning," he added; "rend the mask from his deceitful visage. It is no longer a mask to me. From this hour I break all ties with him—cast back his pretended bounties in his teeth, and leave his house for ever."

This was uttered so decidedly that Tom Mayfield felt half persuaded the speaker was right in his conjecture, and his fears for Clara began to diminish.

"Where shall we meet to-morrow?" he asked.

"At Harry's old lodging," said our hero. "I shall make it my home for a few days."

"Harold!" said his friend, reproachfully.

"Or with you."

With this understanding they separated. At that hour no step could be taken. The telegraph had not then been taught to send the winged message after crime, to arrest its flight, palsy its arm in the very moment of action. True, London had its police, but sluggish and inefficient. Separated, but not to sleep—too many anxieties wrung the heart of each of them.

Exhausted by the violence of his feelings and that gnawing impatience for action which is in the blood of youth, Harold was startled by a gentle tap at the door of his chamber. At first he thought imagination must have deceived him; a second one completely roused him from his reverie, and he hastened to admit the unexpected visitor.

To his astonishment, Mark Chambers stood before him.

"Hush!" said the old man; "I come to serve you. Let every word we utter be whispered low; the porter may hear us—he is a spy upon us both."

Our hero walked towards the door of the dining-room; it was already locked.

"What is it you seek?" he demanded.

"No service, Harold Mansell, at your hand, or from any who bear your name. Not that I hate you," he added. "I remember your father; yes, he was a good man, and a just one."

"However gratifying the admission may be to the ears of a son, surely you have not quitted your bed at such an hour to tell me this."

"When should I tell you?" replied the old man, sharply; "by day, when curious eyes are upon me, watching each word and action? No. I come by night, for night is day to me. For long, weary years, during the space of time the world calls night, I have never slept."

Our hero recollected the speaker's nightly watchings at the window.

"You must not ask me why," continued Mark; "I have a memory to guard, a stain to efface, perhaps a crime to punish. When my task is accomplished all will be plain, but till then I am silent as the grave touching my own affairs. It is yours I came to speak about."

"Mine!"

"The disappearance of your cousin, Harry Imray," said the singular visitor, lowering his voice once more to a whisper. "Not a word, a hint of it to your uncle, as you value his safety: he believes him dead, and one, a weak, credulous fool, who hates the boy more deeply than Sir Jasper does, shares in his belief. Captain Riddle has kept the secret of his apprentice's escape on his own account."

"You appear strangely familiar with my family history," observed Harold, musingly.

"The strangest portion you yourself are ignorant of," replied the old man; "but you will hear more soon. It is the girl who has been carried off, and not your cousin."

"And by whose contrivance?"

"Your uncle's," answered Mark. "I expected to find you incredulous. Ask yourself what motive I can have to deceive you. I heard him arrange the plan myself with his unscrupulous agent. Here is the note," he added, "in which Cobb and Shears gave the command of their brig, the Amazon, at his request, to him."

The young man knew the signature of the firm in question, and began to feel something like confidence in the truthfulness of the speaker.

"But how did you know that my cousin had escaped?" he demanded, struck by a sudden idea.

"From your own words."

"Mine! impossible!"

"Uttered in this very room, not an hour since, to the friend who has just quitted you."

"Were you concealed in it?"

"No."

"How, then, could you have overheard our conversation?"

"Question me not on that point," replied Mark Chambers, doggedly, "for I will not answer you. I am old, and have no other means of working out my destiny than age's cunning, and its patience," he added, in an under tone, as if speaking the words only to himself, "and its patience. Shall I repeat Sir Jasper's words," he added, "when he veiled his real motives in placing you here by a lie, or your reply to them how you stipulated that in watching the object of his fears, he should exact nothing from you that was dishonorable?

"Those words, Harold Mansell, told me I had an honorable enemy to contend with, one who would scorn to employ the strength of youth against the feebleness of age. Those words brought me here to-night."

"One question," said our hero, whose mind began to feel bewildered and confused, "and I have done. What possible motive can Sir Jasper have for planning the abduction of a good and innocent girl, who is poor as she is virtuous?"

"To separate her from his son," answered his visitor, unhesitatingly. "But the suggestion is not his; the taskmaster exacted it."

"He has a taskmaster, then?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Imray?"

"A far worse one—a knave, as well as fool; and now ask me nothing more. I have given you the clue, follow it; should it fail, you, at least, will owe me gratitude for the motive; should it succeed, all I request is silence. I am not less truthful than strange," added the speaker; "the man who could devote thirty years of his life to a sacred duty would not lie to you."

"You allude to your unfortunate son," observed Harold, "whose death——"

"Hush! do not name him," interrupted Mark Chambers. "I can bear to think, but not to hear others speak of him. If he had errors, he was led into them, and paid a fearful penalty. The tempter's punishment is to come.

"You need not follow me," he added; "neither do I require a light to guide my footsteps. Were I as blind as the mole, I could find my way in this old house alone."

With these words he quitted the chamber of our hero, who threw himself upon his bed in the hope of collecting his scattered thoughts; but the attempt proved vain.

In the morning, when he rose from it and entered the dining-room, he found the door still locked and the key on the *inside.* This discovery explained how his midnight visitor obtained much of the knowledge that had puzzled him. There was a secret entrance—the proof was clear, although, after fatiguing himself for an hour in the endeavor, he failed to find it.

The next day, after a brief and not very amicable explanation with Sir Jasper, Harold and Tom started for Calais, with the intention of proceeding by land to Leghorn, where they hoped to arrive before the Amazon.

Mrs. Page had armed them with a terrible weapon in the event of their meeting with Captain Riddle.

Clara, Harry, and the maid-of-all-work were in excellent spirits when they quitted the dairy on their return home. They had left Telbin stronger and better. The pure country air—our readers must recollect that we are writing of Islington in 1820—began already to tell upon his fever exhausted frame. All that the poor dwarf now complained of was a singular pricking sensation in his joints, and occasional shooting pains.

The physician, who was present when he described these sensations, smiled, but made no comment.

A very few weeks afterwards the secret of his smile was explained.

Although Hannah had faithfully promised her mistress to observe a religious silence respecting the first-floor lodger, and the terrible discovery she had made, it was exacting too much of human nature to expect her to keep it literally. Like the witches in "Macbeth," she "kept the words of promise to the ear, but broke it to the sense."

It was a mystery, and Hannah delighted in mysteries. Her hints and awful predictions so excited and amused her two companions, that for some time they took no notice of the road they were going. The hackney-coach was off the stones before Clara observed it.

"The driver must have missed his way," she observed.

Harry let down the front glass to inquire.

"All right," said the coachman, in a thick voice.

The rain and sleet, for the night was a wild one, beat in at the open window, which the unsuspecting boy hastily closed, and the vehicle resumed its course.

"Yes, Miss Clara," resumed the maid-of-all-work, "though I 'as never been carried off, thank goodness!—I allays kept the men too much at their distance to try sich a game with me—I've had my trials; Heaven only knows what I knows."

"The burden appears to be somewhat troublesome," exclaimed Harry, laughingly. "Have you seen anything?"

"I should think I has, Mr. Islip."

"A ghost story? Oh, do let's have it!"

Hannah shook her head.

"How I should like to hear it!" urged the *danseuse.*

"What I've seen wor worse nor a ghost," said the maid-of-all-work; "but you mustn't ask me, I'm as good as sworn not to tell it."

"To strangers," added the youth, highly amused at her solemn tones and air of importance, "but we are friends."

"Well, that does make a difference."

"Of course it does," continued Harry, pursuing his advantage; "besides, the telling of it would relieve your mind. A bad thing to have too great a weight upon your mind, Hannah."

"If I thought you wouldn't tell missus!"

At this moment the coach gave a lurch in a broken part of the road. The girl gave a loud scream. This attracted the attention of Clara once more to the road they were going.

"I am sure the man is taking us out of our way!" she exclaimed. "We ought to have reached Longacre by this time."

"Haven't we?"

"The young sculptor once more lowered the glass. They were upon an open road, hedges on either side, not a house near.

"All right!" repeated the driver.

"I tell you it is not right!" replied Harry, angrily. "We are leaving London, instead of returning to it. I know not," he added, addressing Clara, "whether the fellow is drunk, or worse."

A terrible fear fell on the heart of the poor girl. It vanished for an instant when the coachman stopped, but returned with double force when she discovered that it was only to take up a sailor-looking man upon the box.

"Heaven help me!" she exclaimed, "I am in the hands of my enemies again!"

The maid-of-all-work screamed, and Harry tried to force open the doors of the coach.

They were locked.

Each time the prisoners—for such they literally were—passed a house, or overtook a vehicle upon the road, the driver and his companion began to sing, to drown their appeals for assistance. The *ruse* was cleverly imagined.

Midnight had struck before that fearful ride was ended, and the affrighted victims dragged to a boat in waiting at the water-side, which conveyed them to the Amazon.

An hour after they were secured in the cabin below, the brig set sail for Leghorn.

No sooner had Captain Riddle taken the command than he discovered he had a difficult game to play. His crew, with one exception, were strangers to him; and the first-mate, a sturdy young Scotchman, to whom the ship had been promised by the owners, appeared anything but reconciled to his disappointment.

He had even ventured to remonstrate at the violence with which the passengers, as their persecutor designated them, had been brought on board.

"Hark'ee," said the ruffian, "I am an old sea-dog, and bite without barking. That's my way."

"No doubt, Captain," replied the young man, coolly. "I'm no' without teeth myself."

"The lad is a runaway apprentice of mine."

"Then of coorse ye can show his indenturs, and there's na mair to be said about him."

"The girl I am conveying to her friends in Leghorn," continued Riddle, without noticing the previous observation; "the affair is a ticklish job. She wanted to disgrace herself by marrying a worthless young scamp beneath her. She is little better than mad in love for him."

"Puir lassie, she does na look like it, but seems more distraught wi' fear."

"As for the red-haired wench, she is her servant."

"Weel, I can believe there," replied the cautious Scot.

"That we may understand each other, one word more," said the captain: "I understand neither grumbling nor disobedience of orders on board my ship—my word is law, must be law to all on board. I am as easy as an old glove with fellows who understand their duty and do it willingly. For those who mutiny," he added, touching the pistols in his belt, "I have other arguments."

"I carry a pair o' logicians myself," answered the mate; "nothing like them when sailing wi' a strange crew, or under a strange commander," he mentally added.

From the instant the maid-of-all-work discovered into whose hands she had fallen, she very prudently lost all desire of alluding to his visit to the first-floor lodger in Princess-street, and devoted herself with the rough kindliness of her nature, to consoling Clara, whose despair at the separation from her lover would only be equalled by his terror.

"It is not you," observed Harry, who had recognized his persecutor, "that he intended to carry off. You suffer from having been found in my company. Could the captain have left you behind with safety to himself, believe me, he would have done it."

Food was regularly served to the prisoners in their cabin by the steward, the only man on board whom Riddle trusted. As for the ruffian himself, he remained pretty constantly on deck, watchful and suspicious of his crew. It was a bitter disappointment to him that he dared not indulge the brutal instincts of his nature by wreaking an unmanly vengeance upon Harry. He felt that it would not be prudent, perhaps not even safe.

On the fourth day, as the brig was making way slowly against a stiff head-wind, the commander of the Amazon turned into the steward's berth, to obtain a few hours' repose.

"Jack," whispered the first-mate to a sharp-looking lad, "the skipper sleeps—noo's the time!"

The boy disappeared over the stern of the vessel, with a knowing grin.

The maid-of-all-work was the first to perceive him dangling in mid air fronting the cabin window; strange to say, she neither screamed nor spoke, but quietly pointed him out to Harry and Clara.

"Some manœuvre of the ship," observed the latter.

"No!" exclaimed her companion, eagerly; "he is making signs to Hannah. Speak to him!"

"Should the captain come!" said the girl, with a look of terror.

The boy renewed his signals.

Harry Imray promised to keep watch whilst Hannah held parley with the young sailor.

"Why for are ye here?" demanded the lad.

"Against our wills, carried off, murdered, and goodness knows what else!"

"Speak out, lass, there's more than one on board inclined to befriend you. Maybe I'd better hear the particulars fra' your mistress."

"My mistress is not here," exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, bursting into tears. "I only wish she wor; but I shall never see Mrs. Page nor Princess street again!"

"Wha kens?" replied the sailor, in a kindly tone. "But you mun make haste and bid the leddy speak wi' me. The skipper may wake."

"The what?"

"Captain Riddle."

Clara now advanced, and explained to the young man, as briefly as possible, the circumstances under which she had been forced on board.

"I thought so!" exclaimed the youth; "and there's anither on board who thought the same as mysel'.

"Yer no in love wi' the captain?"

Clara answered the question with a look of intense disgust.

"Maybe it's the ither young woman?"

"Me!" shrieked Hannah. "Good gracious!"

"I heard him telling the steward," continued the young sailor, "that when we arrived at Leghorn he intended to marry one of you. But dinna ye be afeard; as long as you remain on board the brig no harm shall happen ye; more than one of the crew will stand by you. At nights, just by way o' precaution, I am bidden to tell you to fasten the cabin doors. I mun leave you noo," he added.

As the lad disappeared, Clara Cleret sank upon her knees, to seek strength in prayer. As for the maid-of-all-work, she already looked upon herself as the probably ninety-ninth wife of the terrible commander of the Amazon.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAMPING OUT!

Is there anything particularly intoxicating in the atmosphere of the sultry month of August? Why do dogs select it as an appropriate season for practising on hydrophobia? and why do musquetoes bite more viciously than at any other time? and why do the very stars act as if they had taken a drop too much of celestial nectar, and go shooting and meteorizing about, astounding the sober old Ursa Major with their stellar sprees? And, beyond all, why do respectable New Yorkers, whose shoe-leather has pattered up and down Broadway, with the soberest of plodding foot-falls, for eleven months in the year, become periodically insane in August, roll themselves up in bales of tenting and blankets, and go off into the wilderness "camping out." Isn't it an insult to the capacities of women that *we* are never invited to participate in the delights of camp-life? What is the particular fascination in sitting under a ragged white sheet, strained over three or four shaky bean-poles? How do the valiant hunters manage when it rains, and the "tent" leaks, and the fires smoke and sputter, instead of burning? Where's the romance in being compelled to dodge rattle-snakes, and flee from showers, and keep a sharp look-out for venomous insects? How do our adventurers amuse themselves when they are laid up with colds in the head, and rheumatism about the joints; and when their trowsers are torn by unthinking briers in the primeval wilderness, who mends 'em? (Or do they go unmended?) And don't the squirrels feel terribly alarmed when a live New Yorker, whose "sighting" has heretofore been confined to an opera-glass in the Academy of Music, points a "double-barrel" at them? Of course, great execution is dealt in the woods and waters, but are we to be blamed for doubting a little when two or three consumptive trout, packed in ice and sawdust, are all the proofs brought home? It must be fun, this camping out, for half a dozen gentlemen! Wouldn't we like an occasional peep through the fractures of the tent, to see them keeping house, each one systematically shirking as much as he can on to the others, and all disputing whose turn it is to kindle the fire, go scouting after chips and dry wood, and bring water from the spring! And then the interesting state of things when they come home at night, crosser than so many catamounts, to smoky torches and unmade beds, for who ever knew a man to do anything in the morning that could possibly be put off until night? And they compromise matters by giving the pile of moss a push, and the blankets a pull, and curl down to dream of Wall street and the wild woods, hashed up together. And then they wake up, instinctively expecting the fragrance of coffee and the damp pages of the morning paper, with slippers, dressing-gown, and croton water on hand—and find only wet grass, charred sticks, suggestion of last night's fire, and breakfast yet in a state of scales and feathers! That *must* be a treat, decidedly! Imagine the recurrence of washing-day with the forlorn bivouackers dabbling at the edges of a dismal lake, splashing soap into their eyes, and hanging sodden socks and dripping pocket handkerchiefs on bushes to dry! Wouldn't they exchange their best rifle for a pair of woman's hands on such occasions?

Let them camp out; let the grown-up little boys play be rural to their heart's content, and when they come home, moving gingerly, lest the treacherous darns, wherewith they have embellished their damaged garments, should give way, and exhibiting unmistakable traces of stiffness in their osseous formations, but insisting doggedly that they have had a jolly time, laugh in your sleeve, if you must laugh, and don't utter a solitary word of reproach. Remember, August comes but once a year. Only we are very glad when the stars behave themselves like decent stars, and the dogs settle down, and the camping-out fever is over—when the golden moon of September sprinkles the first yellow leaves on the hillsides of summer-time. Truly, there is an end to all things!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

* * *

WE should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one.

A MEMORY.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

We laid our oars in silence
Upon the windless wave,
And saw our woven fingers,
The wandering waters lave.
We floated on in silence,
Adown the quiet stream;
To the rhythm of our dreamy thought,
We sailed as in a dream.

The weary sun was resting
Above the mountain's heart;
His length'ning, lingering lances,
All tremulous to depart.
The Evening Star was peering
From the blue above us bent,
Impatient that its rival god
Had not his splendor spent.

Swiftly a sudden glory
Shot o'er the sober sky;
The hoary mountain's mantle,
Burned ruby in its dye.
Trees leaning o'er the river,
Spreading far their emerald bars,
Now waved above the crystal,
Boughs blossomed out in stars.
The rosy river round us,
Grew luminous as it roll'd;
Each wave that caught a fallen star,
Fled shimmering with its gold,
Softly eve's slumbering shadows
Stole o'er the dreamy sky;
Laden with strange, new perfume,
The breeze came fainting by;
The mystic scents of Paradise
Effusing every sigh;
An alien sweet, I knew it brought
Its odor from the sky.

Softly our purple pennons,
In quietness we furled;
Softly around our pinnace,
The clinging waters curled,
As on and on in silence,
Far down the haunted stream,
Folded in love's diviner dream,
We sailed as in a dream.

We floated on in silence,
Till o'er the waters dim,
And up to pitying angel's hearts,
Low stole our parting hymn.

I sit beside the willows
Which trail the haunted stream;
And far away I see a barque,
I see as in a dream.
Gone the music of my morning;
In refrain far, and dim,
Sadly across the sorrowing years,
Floateth that parting hymn.

There are memories which haunt us,
In laughter or in tears;
There's a voice that calls us, calls us,
Through eager hopes and fears,
The voice which made our pulses thrill,
In love's bewildering years.

I pause, and wait, and listen;
O'er Beulah's distant walls,
Do I not catch the rhythm
Of its river's golden falls?
On the flower-engirdled bosom
Of its ever-living stream,
Beloved one I see thy barque,
I see as in a dream.

I hear thy voice beloved,
Its old-time music low;
O, sing for me the sweet earth-song
You used to years ago!
Its human tenderness will fall
With the seraphic flow
Of seraphs' songs, who heard it sung
In sorrow long ago.

O, sweet thy voice beloved,
As in love's early dream;
No human sorrow saddens it,
Yet dearer still it seems!
Still saileth on thy spirit barque,
I see its starry gleam;
Still blends the rhythm of thy song,
With that immortal stream,
I soon shall lay my hand in thine,
And it will not be a dream.

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ESCAPE FROM PEROTE CASTLE.

A PRISONER'S STATEMENT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I was one of the unfortunate Bexar prisoners confined in the Castle of Perote, by order of the treacherous Santa Anna, in the year 1843. This fortified prison, the strongest in Mexico, if not in the world, is a grand, gloomy pile of masonry, situated in a valley between two mountains, about a mile north of the town of Perote, through which the stages, carrying the mail, pass between the cities of Vera Cruz and Mexico. The Castle, as it is called, is built of volcanic scoriæ, which has been so hardened by fusion as to be almost impervious to steel. The walls are eight feet thick, and about sixty feet in hight from the bottom of the great moat to the ramparts. This moat, which extends entirely around the great structure, with its angular bastions, is some twenty feet in depth by two hundred in width, and, though ordinarily kept dry, as it was while I was there, is so connected with subterranean water-works that it can be flooded in a few minutes. On the outer side of the moat is a massive stone wall, and beyond this again are a formidable *chevaux de frise* and a dry ditch. Including this ditch, the entire works cover twenty-six acres. Upon the ramparts, which are seventy feet in width and extend the entire circumference of the building, are mounted eighty pieces of artillery, and here sentinels are constantly pacing to and fro day and night. The flat roof upon which these cannon rest, is solid masonry, fifteen feet thick, which is supported by successive arches, seventy feet long by twenty wide. The interior of these arches constitute the workshops, storerooms and cells of the prisoners. They are entered only from the inside, through massive doors which have a narrow grating over the top. When the door of a cell is closed, the only light and air which can reach it, must either come in through the grating mentioned, or through a loop-hole at the far end, which, from being some two feet square on the inner side of the wall, gradually narrows down to an aperture of some four inches by twelve on the outside, directly over the great moat. Fronting these cells or arches, at the distance of sixty feet, is an interior range of square buildings, two stories high, in which are quartered the officers and soldiers of the garrison, with, in many cases, their wives and families, and inside again of this inner range is the centre court or plaza, five hundred feet square, used for military drill and parade. In fact, the Castle of Perote is almost a city in itself, and originally cost many years of labor and many millions of dollars.

This modern Bastile alike serves the ambitious tyrant and common justice, and becomes alike the abode of a political rival, a State conspirator, a troublesome prisoner of war, and the vilest felon unhung. Every grade of society, from the very highest to the very lowest, from the man of rank to the filthy vagabond, has at different times its representative here; and could the stones of this gloomy structure speak, the dark and cruel deeds and tales of human suffering which they might reveal would make common humanity shrink aghast.

It was my misfortune, with many other Texian comrades, to be captured or kidnapped by a Mexican general, and, after being marched hundreds of miles, and receiving treatment which killed several of my friends, to be imprisoned in one of the cold, dismal cells of this den of a tyrant. And not only imprisoned, but loaded with irons and degraded to the lowest menial employment. A chain, weighing twenty pounds, and only some four or five feet in length, linked me by the ancle to one of my companions in misery; and thus secured, we were compelled, along with others, to remove the filth and offal from the castle every morning in handbarrows, and after that to pack in stone and sand, to repair the fortification, from a distance of something like a mile, being all the time closely guarded by a file of soldiers on either side of us, and often treated with indignity and abuse. At six o'clock in the evening, we were formed and counted and locked up in our cell, there to remain till six in the morning, passing the night as best we might, with no bed but the cold flags, and no covering but our worn, filthy and ragged clothes and a few miserable blankets, which we had among us. Often, completely tired down with the labors of the day, I have passed a restless night of misery, sometimes caused by cold, sometimes by rheumatism, sometimes by cramps and colic and kindred ailments, not to mention constant mental anxieties, and sometimes by the like sufferings of the companion to whom I was chained.

Thus passed days, weeks and months, with scarcely a ray of hope, and the only mitigation of our sufferings being in the removal of our heavy chains at night, which we had effected in various ways, but principally by bribing the smith to put in leaden rivets blackened with charcoal, so that we could remove them at pleasure. Our food during this time was scant and poor; and this, together with hard work, loss of rest, exposure, anxiety of mind, and improper treatment, carried some to the hospital, some to the grave, and reduced the rest of us, if not to skeletons, at least to several pounds below our ordinary weight.

At length the news reached us of the capture of some two or three hundred more of our countrymen at Mier, and not long after this, fifteen of them, among whom were General Green, Colonel Fisher, and some other officers, were brought into the castle and confined in a cell adjoining ours. The farce of three days' freedom was allowed them for looking about the castle, and then they were chained together in pairs like ourselves, and put to the same menial and degrading employment.

Time passed on and brought us so much misery and so little hope, that at last a few of us took the bold resolve of making our escape if it were possible to be accomplished. Some of our party being carpenters, and occasionally employed in one of the shops, a few chisels were thus secured, and with these it was our first idea to enlarge the loop-hole of our cell, and lower ourselves into the moat by means of a rope with which we expected to provide ourselves by getting a small piece at a time, and splicing the parts together. But on making a trial at the loop-hole, we found it so well guarded by iron fastenings let into the hard stones, that with our inferior tools we could do nothing with it, and so we abandoned it altogether, and commenced perforating the solid wall a little to the left.

There was a wooden shutter to the loop-hole, and when this was open, as it generally was for the admission of light and air, it completely concealed our secret work; but as an additional precaution against discovery, we hung our blankets up along the wall, and always kept one of our number listening near the door, who never failed to give warning, by a careless tap or other signal, of the sudden and unexpected visit of some inspecting officer. The dirt and rubbish that we took from the aperture, we managed to dispose of by first concealing it under some loose stones in our cell, and subsequently carrying it out in our blankets.

At first our work of cutting horizontally through the wall was comparatively easy, but the further we progressed the more difficult it became. Only one person at a time could be employed at it, and this mostly in the night. When we had penetrated the wall a few feet, the person laboring in the hole had to crawl in flat, rest on his elbows, and then work with the chisel as best he could, generally by drilling little holes, and prying off pieces of the rock and cement. It was a very fatiguing process, and often the rubbish of a whole day's labor could be carried off in two or three ordinary-sized pockets. Still it was something, and hope cheered us with the belief that at least we were so much nearer liberty, and so we toiled on with an unwavering purpose.

One thing, for a while, however, put a complete stop to our operations. Intelligence was brought us that on the 13th of June, Santa Anna's birth-day, we were all to be set free, but when that day had come and gone, leaving us still prisoners, we deeply regretted we had lost any time in relying upon the false promises of a treacherous government, and forthwith renewed our labors with a bitter zeal.

By the first of July our excavation was completed, and only a thin shell remained on the outside, which we could remove in a few minutes. Meantime we had secured our rope, fixed our knapsacks for a journey, and, by great economy in our rations, saved up food enough to last a couple of weeks. Sixteen of us, among whom was General Green, had resolved to regain our liberty on the night of the Fourth of July, the others, after due consideration, preferring to remain, rather than run the risk of recapture and death, which they believed would be our ultimate fate; but the afternoon of the second being a stormy one, and promising a dark night favorable to our purpose, we resolved to make the attempt at once.

As those who wished to escape were confined in three different cells, our first anxiety was to get all these together in the one apartment. This we successfully managed, by inducing the same number of those who were to remain to change places with those who were to leave; and the officer of the guard, finding the numbers of each party correct, locked the doors on us without discovering or suspecting our ruse.

So far well; but we still had a delicate, difficult and dangerous undertaking to manage. We could not escape from our apartment through the aparture without more or less noise; and as a sentinel was stationed at the door, who would be likely to hear any unusual sound, and who could even look in through the grate by standing on tip-toe, our first proceeding was to properly manage him. We had some spirits, which we had smuggled, and we invited him to drink with us, passing his liquor to him in an eggshell through the grate—an act of kindness on our part which he more highly appreciated that night probably than he did the day following. Next we got some of our party to gambling near the door, and others to dancing, all of which created sufficient noise to cover our own and allow us to proceed with the work on which our liberty depended.

We soon succeeded in knocking off the outer shell of our breach; and then to our dismay, I might almost say horror, discovered that the further end of the aperture was too small to permit the larger of our party to pass through. I do not know that I ever felt worse in my life than I did at the moment of hearing this fact announced. For weeks I had almost lived upon the hope of liberty, and now, when all our working and plotting had brought it within my very grasp as it were, the bare thought that it might prove a failure made my brain reel and all my limbs tremble. If we should not escape that night, we could not hope to escape at all, for it was almost a certainty that our excavation would be discovered the next day from the outside, and a closer watch be kept upon us ever after.

The first terrible shock over, however, we went to work as men will work for their lives; and at the end of two hours we had succeeded in enlarging the aperture sufficient, as it was believed, for all to get through; but for fear the largest might get wedged, it was decided that all the others, beginning with the smallest, should have the precedence in the order of size. The rope by which we were to lower ourselves into the dry moat, a distance of some thirty feet, having been firmly secured inside, the smallest man entered the breach, feet foremost, and, to our almost unbounded joy, passed out in safety. Then one by one we followed and succeeded in rejoining him—though so difficult was the undertaking that some of us reached the ground naked with our flesh torn and bleeding, and so slow the process that three hours were consumed in the effort. Two of our number stuck fast, and for a while it was believed they would not get through at all; and one actually had to be drawn back by a rope fastened to his arms by those inside; but he thought of his dear wife and children in Texas, made a second attempt, and was the last but one to rejoin us in the great moat outside of our prison walls. As the sixteenth man touched the earth, the Castle bell tolled the hour of midnight, and the cry of "Centinela alerta," from the watchers on the ramparts, warned us to move silently and with caution. We crossed the moat, ascended its outer wall by narrow stone stairs, climbed over the *chevaux de frise*, passed through the outer ditch and up the outer bank, and at half-past twelve, on the morning of the third of July, we stood clear of all that belonged to the gloomy Castle of Perote.

But though free from our prison, we were not from the country, and many were the privations, sufferings and perils yet in store for us. We paired off and separated, each couple taking a different course to the mountains, among which we intended to secrete ourselves till the first pursuit and search for us should be over, after which we hoped to be able to make our way out of the country. Eight of us succeeded in our design, and eight were recaptured and returned to our late gloomy abode, with all its attendant misery and degradation. I, alas! was one of the unfortunate latter; and here I remained, debilitated in body and crushed in spirit, till the order of Santa Anna, procured through the intercession of the American minister, General Waddy Thompson, came for our final release.

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ENGLAND AS IT IS.

"The happy homes of England" exist only in the imagination of Mrs. Hemans, if we may credit the pictures of English society in the recent novels and tales of that country. One is revolted as he reads of the cold-blooded brutality of husbands and fathers, the adolescent domineering of brothers, and the cowering of mothers, wives and sisters, willing to endure anything and everything from their tyrants rather than disturb that which, by their own showing, is the enshrined goddess of every English household—the frigid and respectable "Mrs. Grundy." Who has not laughed at the scores of English girls in a parish all trying for "the curate;" combing poor children's heads, and superintending the making of "regulation puddings" for the poor under his care, with a zeal that *should* at least win the poor maidens a husband. Who has not admired the beautiful consistency of Lady —— and her daughters, the "patronesses" of the aforesaid schools, who make their appearance at stated times among them radiant in fine clothes, to render the ugly, homespun charity-suits of the poor young ones still more odious to them.

Amazing—that these English, unmeasured leagues behind us as they are in the march of opinions; fettered and *hugging the fetters* of a fossil dead and gone; filled with beer and bombast, yet self-elected to the seat of Solomon, to measure out judgment on America, which they are no more capable of understanding, than is a swathed mummy the fresh, bounding pulse of vivid eighteen. One sickens alike at their arrogance and their ignorance; their Pecksniffian horror of the crime and sin of America, "that bondage" which they contemplate from over the ocean with Pharasaical upturned eyes, but which a bale of cotton can at any time eclipse.

Bondsmen are not all sable. "The happy homes of England" swarm with them. According to Sidney Smith, "it is always considered a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all on important subjects;" and thus John Bull trots complacently round, year after year, in the grooves cut by Adam and Eve, and wonders what there can be *out* of England worth looking at! Thank God, the world strides on spite of fossils, and even of "*Lunnon*;" and these conceited, swathed mummies of custom will either have to join the ranks or be trodden down by them.

FANNY FERN.

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HINTS FOR WOMEN.

One of the fathers has defined a woman to be an animal that delights in finery. This observation is so very notorious that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas, when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we generally speak in relation to her bonnet or head-dress.

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress: whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garniture of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colors that appear in the garments of a New York lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or the opera.

As we have nothing more at heart than the honor and improvement of the fair sex, we cannot conclude without an exhortation to our ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds as they are to adorn their bodies. In the meanwhile we shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old Greek poet:

"The mind, not the dress, adorneth woman."

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Imaginary Wants.—If we create imaginary wants, why do we not create imaginary satisfactions? It was the happier frenzy of the two to be like the mad Athenian, who thought all the ships that came into the harbor to be his own, than be still tormenting ourselves with insatiable desires.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

F. C. H.—You are utterly mistaken in supposing that the British troops "showed the white feather" at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. No troops ever behaved more gallantly than did Wellington's on that night of horror. The French had made the most skillful and formidable preparations to receive their expected foes; innumerable quantities of bombs and hand grenades lined the tops of the breaches, ready to roll down on the heads of the stormers. Bags of powder were strewn among the rocks and rubbish, which the bursting of the shells would cause to explode, as the assailants were ascending the slopes. Two heavy guns loaded with grape flanked the principal approach, and a large mine was ready to be exploded beneath the feet of the British, in case all other means of defence should fail. But Wellington issued his simple order, "Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock," and so at seven o'clock the work of horror commenced. As the British approached they were raked and torn by a powerful fire of grape and musketry, but they pressed eagerly on, and succeeded in crossing the ditch. Then the French rained down on them a terrible storm of shells and hand grenades, which, with the bursting bags of powder strewed around, committed frightful havoc in their ranks, and no sooner had the brave fellows fought their way through this tempest of destruction to the summit of the breach, than they were torn in pieces by a terrific discharge of grapeshot from the guns which flanked them on each side, at a few yards' distance. Turning upon these guns they carried them with a rush and a yell, and gained the outer entrenchments; but in this moment of triumph the mine was exploded beneath their feet, and blew those who were most advanced, including the gallant General McKinnon, their leader, into the air, with a terrific roar and wide-sweeping burst of flame. But even this did not daunt the survivors. They pressed on; and after a scene of carnage too sickening to relate, they carried the place, with a loss of one thousand and three hundred men, among whom were two of their best generals, (Crawford and McKinnon,) and many of their most valuable officers. Others of their young officers, who survived that bloody night, afterwards became famous in history, among whom was the gallant young Napier, who, though struck down by a grapeshot, coolly gave his men orders not to load but to trust to their bayonets.

Socrates.—This correspondent says that he assumes the signature of "Socrates" because he has a wife to whom Xantippe, in her best or her worst days, could not have been a circumstance. "She scolds," he says, "the first thing in the morning, and all day long, and the last thing at night. If the tea-kettle don't boil almost as soon as it is put on, she scolds; and then, when it *does* boil, she scolds because it didn't boil before. If the children don't sit up straight at table, she scolds them for being *slouchy*, and then, when they straighten up, she scolds them for being '*so stiff and pokerish*;' and so she goes on all day long. I remember reading, many years ago, about a discussion in some debating society as to which was the worst, *a scolding wife or a smoky chimney*, and I believe it was finally decided that 'a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little darkey is to a dark night.' I think that decision—if I know what it means—was correct. But now comes the question, what can a peaceable husband do with a scolding wife? I am in despair, and unless you give me help I shall have to run away." We really do not know what advice to give Socrates. We have seen it stated that *whistling* is about the best thing to administer to a scolding woman, but we cannot vouch for its efficacy. You might try it, and see how it works. Get into a safe place, however, before you begin your first experiment.

Goshen says that he "buried his wife" two years ago, and "*at the funeral* saw a young lady for whom sentiments of the warmest regard sprang up spontaneously in his heart." They have been widely separated since; "but now," he cantingly says, "a kind Providence has brought us once more into the same neighborhood, which I take as an indication that our two lives are to be joined in one. But there is a slight difficulty in the way, the young lady being already engaged; but as she did not know of my long-cherished regard for her, perhaps if I should inform her of my devotion and of the purity of my love, she might change her mind and give me the preference. What do you think about it?" We think that you are a heartless, canting, hypocritical humbug, incapable of genuine love and utterly destitute of delicacy and honor. If the young lady is like you, she might "change her mind and give you the preference;" but if she is an honorable and right-minded girl, she would spurn such a proposition and the man who should make it.

Agnes.—The lines to which you refer occur in Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," and are as follows:

"A maiden with a dulcimer,
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Aborah."

As to whether or not they would "make a pretty motto or quotation to place at the head of the chapter of a story" we cannot say, as it would depend altogether on the subject treated of in such chapter. An author usually selects his quotations for chapter headings or mottoes with a view to give the reader a glimpse or foretaste of what is to follow. It would not be a difficult thing for a competent person to write a chapter, to which the "maiden with her dulcimer" would be an appropriate figure-head.

Divorce.—You cannot get a divorce in this State because you *suspect* that your husband is unfaithful to you. You must *prove* that he is. It may be that you are mistaken; and the fact that you have such an excellent and sympathetic friend in "that young man" inclines us to the opinion that you need a little friendly caution yourself. A wife who becomes attached to another man *before* she has been divorced from her husband, must certainly have very loose notions of propriety, or else she must have become so sadly "perplexed in mind" as to require a guardian.

Hyde.—According to the sorrowful story you tell us, regarding a lady to whom you considered yourself engaged, we should judge that she is a coquette—that is, if you have stated the facts correctly. Of course, if such is the case, you can have no peace or rest to your heart in a marriage with her, and the sooner you part the better. A vacillating lover of either sex is to be avoided like a pestilence. It is well that you found out the lady's real character in time to avoid taking a step which might have made your whole life miserable.

Lover.—It does not seem probable that any right-minded girl, when under an engagement of marriage, would flirt with gentlemen promiscuously, or do anything else, *for the purpose* of giving her lover pain. It is barely possible that a girl who would do so might make a good, true and affectionate wife, but it seems to us that he would be a bold and rash man who should marry her after she had perpetrated such outrages on womanly modesty, and so violated the fidelity of the sacred spirit of betrothment.

Walter.—In order to get cured of stammering, you should go to an intelligent physician or surgeon, who, if he could not treat your case himself, would be able to direct you to some one who could. You will pay a much higher fee, in the end, by following the advice of people who know nothing about the scientific treatment of such an ailment, than you would have to pay to a professional man of real knowledge and skill.

Sensitive is pained at the levity of a young lady with another gentleman, when he considers his (Sensitive's) previous intimacy with her, and his (the other genteman's) almost recent acquaintance, and wants us to give him advice on the subject. All we think it profitable to say to "Sensitive" is, that if he really is as sensitive as he says he is, he should never place his heart in the keeping of a person to whom it is a pleasure to torture it.

X. X.—It takes two to make a bargain, according to the old adage. If *you* never agreed to buy your friend's house and lot according to the terms he claims, of course there was no such bargain as he alleges. He can do nothing with you legally, as all contracts for the sale and purchase of real estate must be in writing, else they are void.

Boy.—This correspondent asks, "Ought a fellow to call another fellow a liar in the presence of bystanders; and if he does, what is the insulted fellow to do?" As to your first question we say no; and as to the second, we think that the best thing you can do is to keep better company, where the manners of "fellows" are up to the gentlemanly standard.

Sixteen.—Persons who profess to be good authority on the subject, and who are so considered, say that pomatum and hair-oils are *not* beneficial to the hair. A good brush, thoroughly used, and an occasional spunging of the head with fine soap and water, are said to be better for the hair than any of the compounds sold as pomatum, oils, &c.

Niagara.—The late Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, was the youngest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. She was aunt to Prince Albert.

Trapper.—This correspondent tells rather a pitiful story. "I live," he says, "in a village on the Missouri river, where I became acquainted, several months ago, with a young lady whom I fondly believed to be all my fancy painted her, and continued in such belief until I found out that she painted herself. This discovery took the wind out of my fancy's sails, and let it down like a collapsed balloon; but meanwhile things had gone on so far that our wedding day had been fixed. It is still fixed, and so am I. I can't break off the engagement—that is, I don't want to break it off for such a *seemingly* trivial cause, but which is *in fact* a most serious matter with me. The idea of having a wife that paints is exceedingly disgusting to me, and it always has been disgusting. From boyhood I have had a horror of painted women; they have always been associated in my mind with 'whited sepulchres.' And now to think that I should have fallen in love with one! Mr. Editor, this may seem a small matter to you, living as you do in New York, where I hear all the girls and women paint, and even some of the men; but to me it is unendurable. I can't stand it; and yet, as I have said, I hesitate to break off the match, for fear people will laugh at me. And then, besides, as I am pretty well off, I suppose I should be sued for breach of promise and have to pay enough to keep the young lady in paints all her lifetime. Of course she'd sue me. A girl that paints wouldn't stop at anything. Now, then, you have the whole case before you, and I want you to give me your opinion. What course would you advise me to pursue?" Why not speak to the young lady on the subject! Should you tell her what you have told us, we hardly think she would ever paint again—*at least so you could discover it*—as long as your courtship lasted. After your marriage, you would probably have such experience as would reconcile you to the artistic decoration of your wife's charms, or such as would at least modify your views in regard to that branch of the fine arts. But should you prefer to break off the match—which would perhaps be the wisest course—and for that reason be sued for breach of promise, you could for a defence plead this matter of painting, and we think that any twelve men living on the Missouri river or elsewhere, would, if you should prove the charge, give a verdict in your favor.

Lucille.—We are not sure that we understand your long letter. We infer, however, that you have been playing with edged tools and have been wounded by them. Between a man and a woman, who are not near relations, and who are marriageable but unmarried, there cannot long exist a friendship of the kind described by you, without its ending in marriage or in infamy. The thing is impossible. So long as all your conversation together is such as may take place in the presence of others, without embarrassing you or them, all is well. But the moment you begin to have confidences, to exchange notes, to protest for each other a peculiar regard, and to be jealous, then you are in danger. Two honorable courses only are open to you, when affairs have reached that pass—marriage or separation. The man began his intimacy with you by insulting you. He made love, and yet declared he should never marry. You should, at once, have taken the alarm and seen him no more. What you ought to have done then, do now; for it is never too late to mend.

Harry.—Harry asks: "Which do the ladies most admire—a timid, unassuming youth, or one who is fast, and assuming, and always ready for a flirtation?" Harry takes it for granted that an unassuming youth must be also timid. This is not the case. No gentleman assumes more than he ought, but he does not refrain from assuming because he is afraid, but because he has a respect for the feelings of others. Ladies, we believe, do not like timidity, but they do like modesty and courage. With regard to the youths who are described as fast, assuming, and always ready for a flirtation, we never knew one of that class who was not an object of contempt among ladies. A girl must be a very great fool who does not avoid such a person whenever she can.

Brooklyn.—No, sir; Robert Fulton did not die in poverty. At the time of his death, and for several years before his death, he lived in very handsome style at No. 1 State street in New York, in full view of the Battery, then the most fashionable part of the town. His affairs were somewhat disordered when he died, but he held several valuable interests. Among other items, the United States owed him more than a hundred thousand dollars, the greater part of which was afterwards paid to his heirs. Two of his daughters are still living. That he considered himself to be a very rich man is shown by his will, in which he bequeathes to his wife an income of $9,000 a year, to be paid out of the revenue of his estate.

Augustus.—You and your fellow pupil are each right. "Demosthenes *was* a great orator, and *did* die by his own hand;" and "Demosthenes *was* a general, and *was* put to death by the Syracusans;" but the Demosthenes first referred to was altogether a different personage from the second on the list. A *little* learning *is* sometimes a dangerous thing. You should never be positive about any matter until you have exhausted all the information on the subject that can be got at, and then you will not get into such a useless dispute as you seem to have done in the present case. Demosthenes the general was put to death in the year 413 B. C., and Demosthenes the orator was born 385 B. C.

Fleure de Mai.—The late Col. Ellsworth was a man of about five feet eight inches in stature. His complexion was fair, and his hair brown. He was somewhat slenderly formed, but was in reality both stouter and stronger than he looked. He was of erect carriage, and moved briskly about when on duty. His voice was unusually strong and penetrating. The common portraits of this lamented young soldier and patriot are exact enough, but they do not do him justice; they do not give an impression that equals the recollections of those who saw him at the head of his Zouaves.

Recor.—It was the late emperor Nicholas who said that Generals January and February would be sufficient to destroy the English army in the Crimea. At least, so it was reported at the time. The idea, however, did not originate in the mind of the emperor Nicholas, but in that of Benjamin Franklin. Speaking of the English army in Georgia during the revolution, Franklin said: "There is a certain *General Fever* that will give a good account of most of them."

Puzzled Parents.—Put your children to bed every night before eight o'clock, and you will soon see them improving in health, temper and spirits. It is enough to ruin any children to have them up every evening from nine to ten o'clock. Let them sleep in the morning until they wake of their own accord. Nature is the best judge of the amount of sleep that a child requires. It is very rare indeed that children lie abed after they have had as much sleep as their brain and body need.

C. R.—"I won a ring," writes this correspondent, "from a gentleman, and he will not give it to me, because I refuse him my picture, which I promised, when I was much younger than I am now." You do right *not* to give him the picture. You had better lose the ring. In fact, we don't believe in young ladies "winning" rings from gentlemen.

Empire.—We cannot print such vague and general accusations against a respectable institution. Shakspeare says:

"Give me *good proofs* of what you have alleged;
'Tis not enough to say, in such a bush
There lies a thief, in such a cave a beast;
But you must *show him to me* ere I shoot,
Else I may kill one of my straggling sheep."

Jane.—Should a school-girl keep a story book in her desk, and read in school hours. Certainly not; all deception is wrong and unlady-like, and the kind of deception you mention is also mean and contemptible. The school-girl who practices such trickery will deeply regret having neglected her studies when she becomes an ignorant woman in consequence.

Susan asks, "Do *gentlemen* ever keep on their hats in presence of ladies when in a room?" Of course they do. Have you never seen them do it at a railroad station, or some other public room, common to all comers? In a *private* room, however, it is different. There, none but a very ill-bred man would do such a thing.

Troy.—If, as you say, you have had a *causeless* quarrel with your lady-love, why do you not tell her that it *was* "causeless," and that you regret it, and ask her forgiveness. One of the truest tests of a man's or a woman's goodness is their willingness, in such a case, to take such a step.

Ranny.—"Suppose," asks this correspondent, "a man is engaged to a lady, and the day is set, and a short time before the day he discovers that he must soon fail in business, what should he do?" Tell the lady his exact condition, and consult frankly with her and her friends what is to be done.

Superior.—Detroit is a French word, which signifies strait. Your town of Detroit in Michigan was so named by its French founders because it is situated on a strait. On French maps the Strait of Gibraltar is called *Detroit de Gibraltar*.

Sans Barbe.—We profess to know nothing about the shortest way to make whiskers grow. We are inclined to think that the question is one of constitution and hereditary descent.

Alice and Sophie.—Go back to your nursery rhymes and your bread and butter, and stop talking about being "distractedly in love" with *any* man who has made no avowal of attachment to you.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*